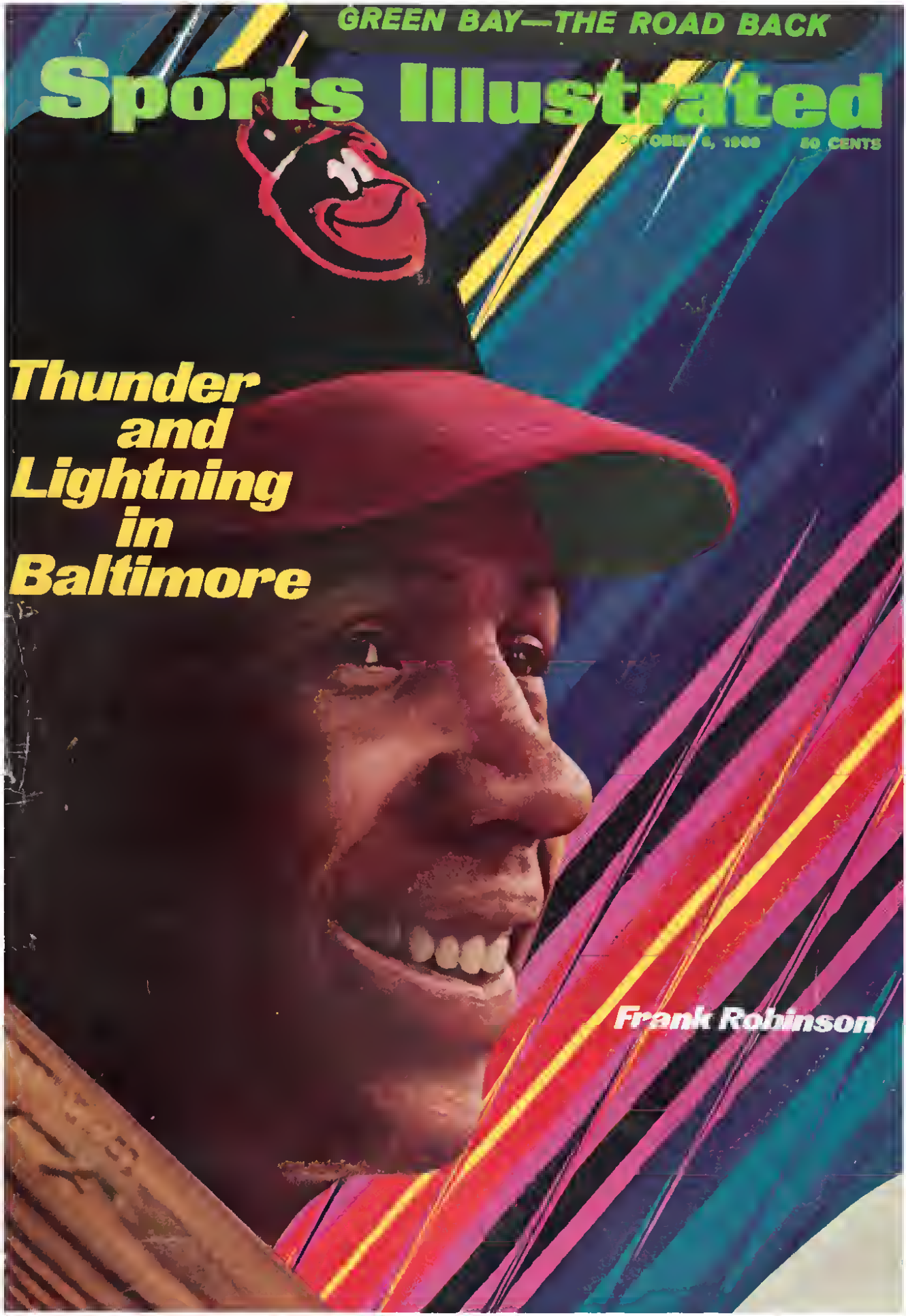
GREEN BAY—THE ROAD BACK

# Sports Illustrated

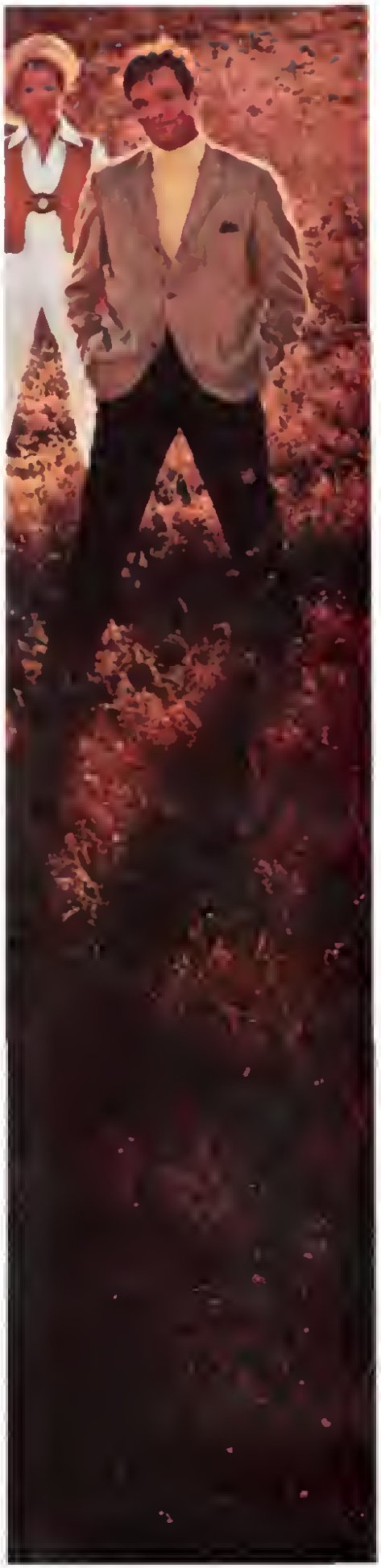
OCTOBER 6, 1969 50 CENTS

## Thunder and Lightning in Baltimore



Boog Powell

LINCOLN MERCURY
Ford



# Announcing the 1970 Marquis.

## The medium-priced car with the most dramatic styling since the Continental Mark III

From its majestic grille to its emerald-cut taillights, the new Marquis has a dramatic elegance that only the men who make the Continental Mark III could create.

It is without question the most dramatically styled automobile in the medium-priced field.

The 1970 Marquis offers as standard—on sedans, hardtops, and convertible—many features that are available only as extra-cost options on most cars. Features such as concealed headlights; a 429 cubic-inch V-8 engine; and Select-Shift transmission which lets you shift automatically or manually, driver's choice.

In the Marquis Brougham shown, even the special Twin-Comfort lounge seats in front are standard. They adjust individually like buckets but have separate center armrests which you can raise to make the front seat a full three passengers wide.

The Marquis' 124-inch wheelbase is one of the longest this side of the luxury-car field. This extra length combines with Marquis' heft (close to 4500 pounds) and a remarkably well-balanced suspension system to give a ride that is virtually limousine smooth.

The 1970 Marquis is also one of the quietest cars ever built. The hood, floor, roof, door panels—30 important areas of the car in all—have been carefully insulated to hush road, wind, and outside noise.

The magnificent Marquis—Lincoln-Mercury's best-selling big car in its first year of introduction—is available in a choice of nine models: 2- and 4-door sedans and hardtops, a convertible, and two station wagons. See them and you'll know why the 1970 Marquis will be even more popular than last year's model.

The premiere showing is now going on at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer's.

# If Roi-Tan wasn't the best selling ten cent cigar, you couldn't buy it for ten cents.

There's only one reason you can buy a fine tasting blend of imported and domestic tobacco like Roi-Tan for only a dime. The fact that we make so many of them.

And if we didn't, we'd have to charge more just like lots of other cigar makers do.

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Roi-Tan
The Crowd Pleaser

*Stylishly long slender cigars are becoming more and more preferred by today's cigar smoker. Another reason why the Falcons are one of the more popular of the many Roi-Tan shapes and sizes*

# This picture is "impossible". Can you tell why?

Raindrops on a window, inches from the camera. A girl on a beach, a hundred feet away. Both exquisitely sharp, which gives the picture its special quality. But, how to do it without special equipment?

In theory you'd first shoot the beach scene, focusing on the girl. Moments later, after rewinding the film one frame, you'd focus on the rain spattered window and make a second exposure. Quite simple, really. Except that it's impossible with most cameras because their lenses can't provide the tremendous focusing range required.

With the Nikkormat FTN it was as simple as it sounds. This 35mm single lens reflex is made by Nikon and accepts the same interchangeable lenses as the famous Nikon F. It was used here with the 55mm Micro Auto-Nikkor f3.5, an unusual lens that can be focused for any distance from 2.3 inches all the way to infinity. (Imagine being able to use the same lens for life-size closeups of flowers or insects as well as for portraits, kids, parties and the like!)

This is only one example of the uncommon – even "impossible" – pictures the Nikkormat FTN brings within your reach. Yet, for all its capabilities, it is remarkably uncomplicated. Its unique thru-the-lens meter system, for instance, gives you correct exposure instantly, for unusual pictures like this. And it's yours for under $270 including 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. See your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer. Or write for details.

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

**Nikkormat FTN by Nikon**

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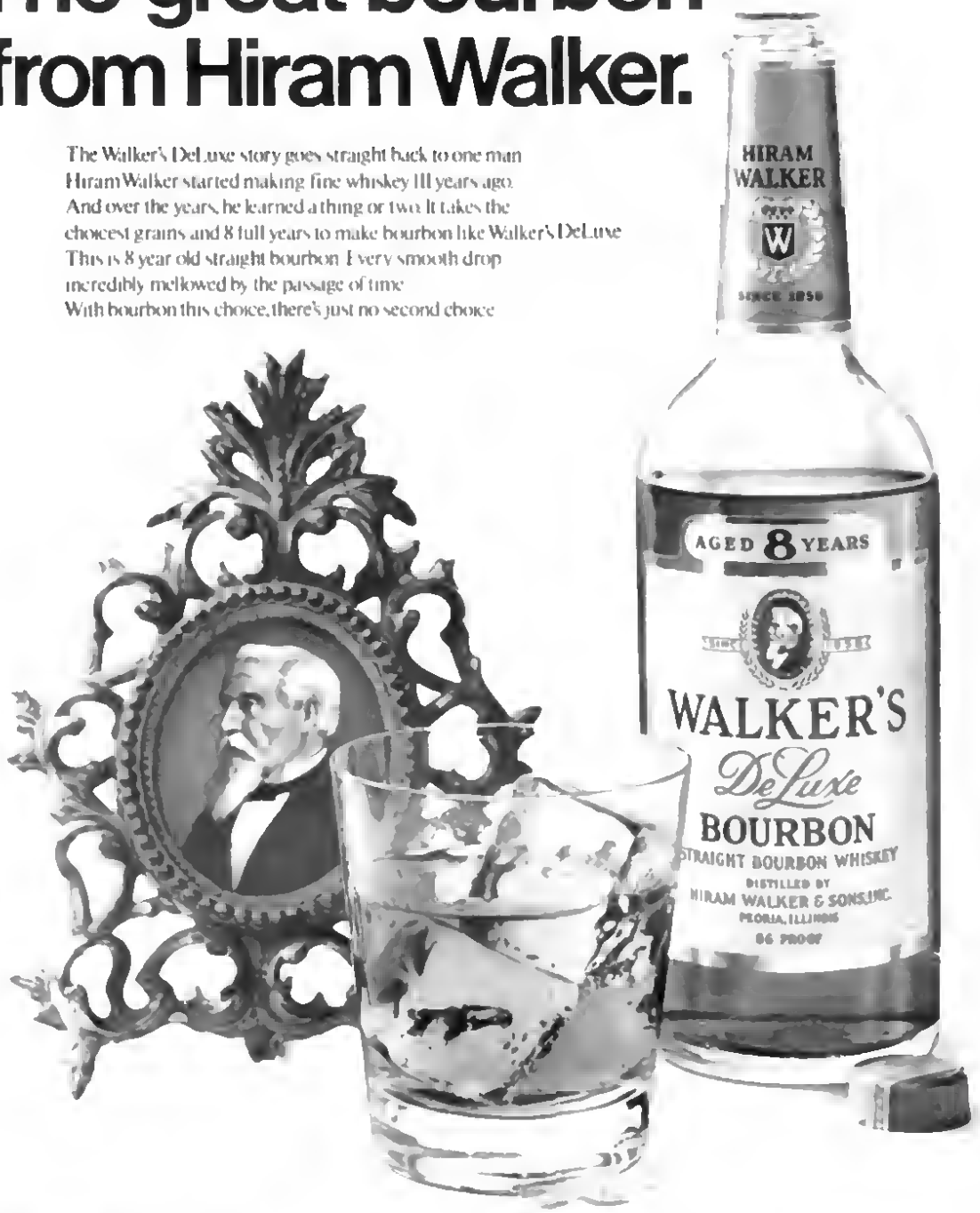
# The great bourbon from Hiram Walker.

The Walker's DeLuxe story goes straight back to one man
Hiram Walker started making fine whiskey 111 years ago.
And over the years, he learned a thing or two. It takes the
choicest grains and 8 full years to make bourbon like Walker's DeLuxe.
This is 8 year old straight bourbon. Every smooth drop
incredibly mellowed by the passage of time.
With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice.

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Catching On Fast

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Waldech . . . not generally available, but if you appreciate beer, it's worth looking for.

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# Contents

OCTOBER 6, 1969 *Volume 31, No. 15*

*Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr*

18 62–0

*Starting its quest for a second straight national title, Ohio State crushed TCU to prove it is ready and mean*

20 The Playoffs: the Ideal and the Omen

*The Orioles have everything except Harmon Killebrew, who could spark an upset. The Mets have an augury*

26 Pro Basketball's Coming-Out Party

*It celebrated the debuts of Lew Alcindor and Connie Hawkins, playing against each other*

28 To the Bowl of Their Dreams

*The trail back to the Super Bowl is long, long and winding, but Green Bay is once again on the right path*

36 Man Believed Sane Runs 105,000 Miles

*Bill Emmerton is a long-distance runner but he isn't lonely, his wife drives behind, telling him to step it up*

60 A Hobby to Drive You Crazy

*Sporting stamps are being issued by every nation, and even avid collectors can never hope for a complete set*

70 "There She Is . . ."

*The Miss America Pageant, Atlantic City's competitive classic, deserves and gets —a sporting look*

## The departments

13 Scorecard
42 College Football
52 People
56 Flying
58 Bridge
60 Design for Sport
63 Horse Racing
64 Golf
66 Hunting
85 For the Record
86 Baseball's Week
88 19th Hole

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*Credits on page 85*

## Next week

***THE SOUTH HAS RISEN*** on the college football front, with teams such as Tennessee, LSU, Georgia, Alabama and Florida undefeated so far. Pat Putnam inspects the conference powers.

***BARE-KNUCKLE HOCKEY*** is in prospect as the NHL season opens. Gary Ronberg scouts all of the teams, and Boston's Phil Esposito reviews his run at the scoring title.

***PRO FOOTBALL*** did not always reckon its rewards in millions. Myron Cope talks to the pros of decades ago, men whose recollections evoke a sport—and a time—long gone.

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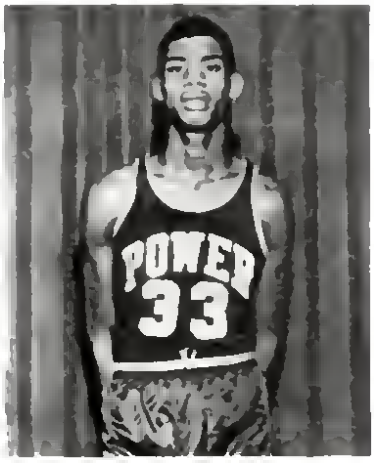
# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Lew Alcindor is only 22, but already SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has paid an uncommon amount of attention to him, chronicling in detail his ups and downs from his first freshman game at UCLA through the loss to Houston in the Astrodome to the Bruins' third straight national championship last March. He was on our cover five times in his three-year varsity career. When he was only 15 he was the subject of a SCORECARD item and at 16 he became one of our FACES IN THE CROWD after he averaged 26 points a game as a junior at New York City's Power Memorial Academy. In 1966 he appeared one-sixth life size on the gatefold cover of our Basketball Issue.



BIG LEW AS A HIGH SCHOOL HERO

Now Alcindor is a pro, and we would not have wanted to miss his debut with the Milwaukee Bucks, the team that signed him at some expense. That debut, against Connie Hawkins and the Phoenix Suns, came last weekend in Milwaukee Arena, and Tex Maule, taking a brief detour from the pro football highway, was there to see how Lew handled himself against the burly, pushy players of the National Basketball Association (*page 26*).

His impact on the pros already has been notable. When he played in a Buck intrasquad game, it drew 10,482 fans. He was invited with Oscar Robertson and other NBA stars to play in the Maurice Stokes benefit game in the Catskills. His presence is mostly responsible for raising Milwaukee's season-ticket sales far above last year and he is certain to attract big crowds all over the league.

SI intends to cover Lew the pro as completely as it covered Lew the collegian, and this week's story is the beginning. In the Oct. 27 issue we will start an exclusive three-part series on his life, written by Lew himself with Senior Editor Jack Olsen. In the series Alcindor, who over the years has always been closemouthed with the press, now talks candidly about race, religion and recruiting, about UCLA and Coach John Wooden and Elvin Hayes.

Olsen, who had more than 20 hours of interviews with Alcindor, had never met him before and had no preconceived notion of what he was like. Alcindor, contrarily, had a strong feeling that Olsen was the man to help with his story—a feeling generated by Lew's approval of Olsen's Black Athlete series, published by SI in the summer of 1968.

"At first he was a little distant, but in a little while I think he felt right at home with my wife and me," said Jack.

"He turned out to be highly intelligent, very sensitive and—though he would deny it—very scarred by his experiences as a black man, yet open and friendly with any white man who is friendly with him.

"So many black athletes in the money won't talk on the record about some of the things that have been done to them. I think Lew is going to lay it on the line until the day he dies."

He lays it on the line in SI starting in the Oct. 27 issue.

Gary Valk

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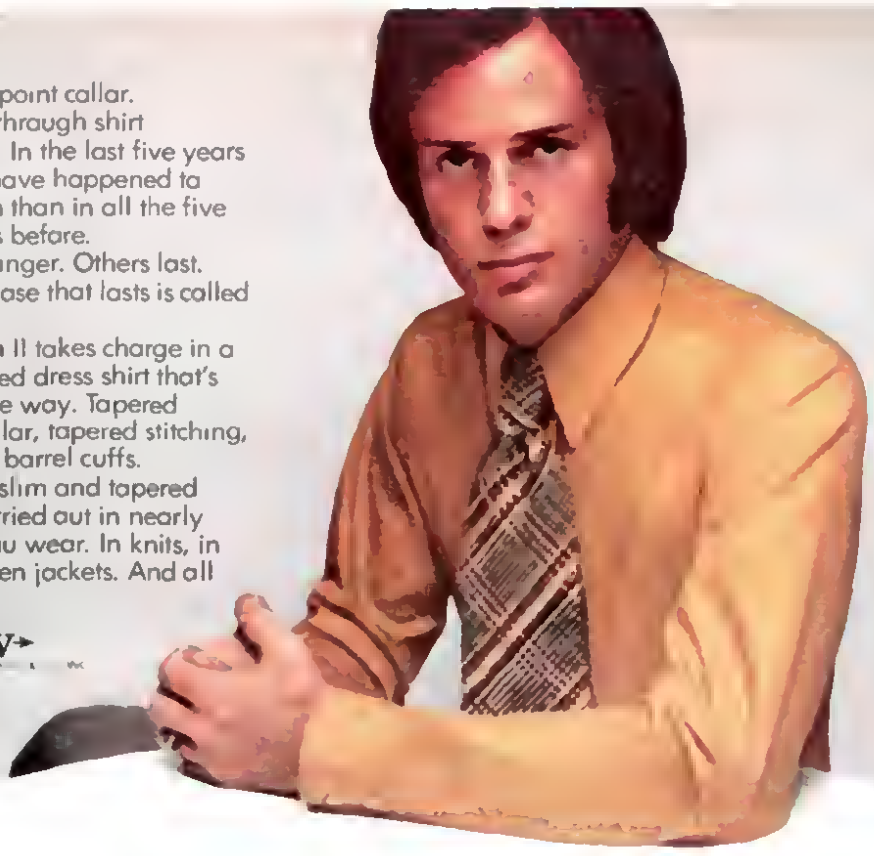

A slim and tapered state of mind. Mach II.

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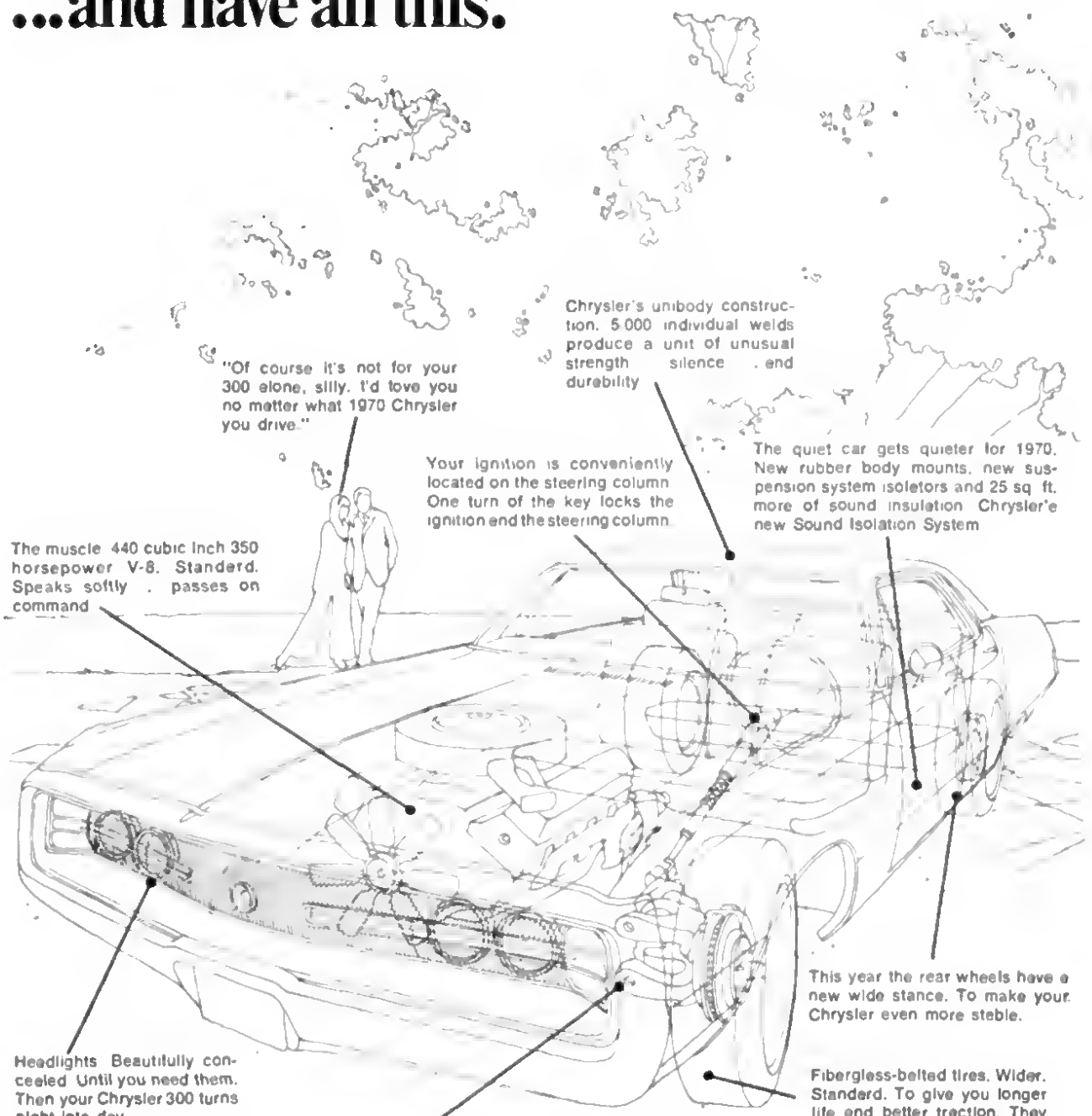


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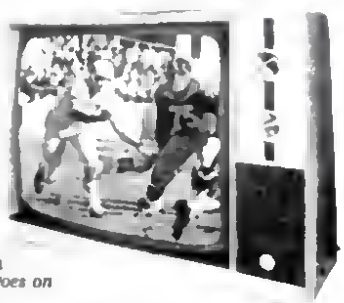
with Torsion-Quiet Ride

# We recently received a letter of complaint

P.S. Mr. Kershbaumer did get his color TV. And his black and white set is still working—in an upstairs bedroom. Every Zenith Handcrafted portable, from the largest to the smallest, is built better to last longer. When you buy TV...why not get the best.
Set shown: The Saratoga, model A2010, 19" diag. Super Screen Portable.

ZENITH

*The quality goes in before the name goes on*



Simulated TV reception

# SCORECARD

### LIVE AND IN COLOR

Government pressure on television first led to the ostensibly voluntary decision to eliminate cigarette advertising from TV. Now it has encouraged a movement to cut down drastically on the incidence of sex and violence in dramatic shows. An unfortunate consequence, according to critical previews, is that the new, laundered 1969-70 entertainment programs are sillier than ever. Health and morals must be protected, but no similar concern is expressed for the human intelligence.

Yet the trend might prove a boon for sport, since sport and general news are about the only "safe" things on TV that are also exciting and entertaining. Televised sports seem likely to draw larger and larger audiences, and that (follow the ratings, men!) could bring about an even wider exposure. It might mean a slight cutback on quiz shows and reruns of Gale Storm, but those are the sacrifices you have to make.

### FIT TO BE TIED

As this football season began, the University of Louisville had the rather bizarre distinction of owning the all-time collegiate record for most consecutive games played without a tie: 171. Its first game this year was with Drake, which by happy coincidence had the second longest no-tie streak: 169.

The final score? What else? Louisville 24, Drake 24.

### AFTERNOON IN PHILADELPHIA

"I came here to rumble," shouted Muhammad Ali last week in a tiny gymnasium in Philadelphia. "If Joe Frazier don't follow me, I want it known he backed down."

He left the gym, got into a sleek red convertible and headed for Fairmount Park. Earlier, on a radio talk show, Ali had called Frazier flat-footed, slow and without class. Frazier reacted by inviting Ali to the gymnasium for a showdown, but the gym had room for only 50 or 60 onlookers. When more than 1,000 would-be spectators showed up, Ali and Frazier, stripped down to boxing togs, were told by police to move their fight to the park.

Ali dressed, loudly insulting Frazier as he did. Frazier, told by friends to ignore the insults, said angrily, "He came here to run me out of my home town. If I don't take him on, he'll try to run me out of my own house next."

Ali yelled, "He wants to show he can whip me. He says he's the champion. Let him prove it in the ghetto, where the colored folks can see it."

When Ali reached Fairmount Park, the mob following along had grown to 2,000 people. But Frazier did not appear. Finally, Ali yelled to the crowd, "If Joe Frazier had come down here this afternoon, then seven days from today he'd be a week-old ghost. Here I am, haven't had a fight in three years, 25 pounds overweight, and Joe Frazier won't show up. What kind of champ can he be?"

"A smart one," said Yank Durham, Frazier's trainer. "Neither one of these men are animals. Joe wasn't going to have a street fight in Fairmount Park, and Clay wasn't about to either."

The excitement in the park died down, and Ali got back into the red convertible. "Remember who's champ," he called out as the car drove off.

"You tell 'em, baby!" shouted a man, but a small boy, unimpressed, said, "Nothin' but mouth. He talks loud, but Joe's the champ."

### ODDBALL

Shickley High in Nebraska plays eight-man football (it has only 50 boys in a four-year high school), while Kenesaw High, somewhat larger, plays the standard 11-man game. The two schools wanted to play each other but did not quite know how. Finally, the wisdom of Solomon prevailed and it was decided that each team would do its own thing—on offense, anyway. When Shickley had the ball, Kenesaw took three players off the field and used an eight-man defense. When Kenesaw got possession, it went back to 11 men, and Shickley evened things up by adding three men to its defense.

Shickley, skilled in the razzle-dazzle offense of the eight-man game, romped to a 46-6 win. "Never again," said Kenesaw Coach Larry Adams. "My kids weren't used to covering that much territory per man on defense."

But what of Kenesaw's offense? Richard Ideau, Shickley's coach, said, "It's no wonder they couldn't move the ball. It's too crowded out there with 22 players on the field at the same time."

### DO NORTH, YOUNG MAN

If you had had the foresight to buy stock in the Montreal Canadiens a year or so ago, you wouldn't be complaining so much about the market today. Canadian Arena, the company that owns the Canadiens, the Montreal Forum, in which the team plays, the new Voyageurs of the American Hockey League and several minor league franchises, sold at 265 a share in 1968, but this month the stock

soared past the 900 mark (it jumped 175 points in one day). The company has announced a 50-for-1 split, said to be the largest in the history of the Canadian securities business.

Hockey's new expansion plans (SCORECARD, Sept. 22) are a factor in the extraordinary growth of the stock, but mostly it is because Canadian Arena had

continued

**The Scovill Family of Products:** Hamilton Beach electric housewares, NuTone built ins and electronics, Lightcraft lighting fixtures, Woodcarv cabinets; Caradco windows and doors, Gripper and Nylaira apparel fasteners, Dominion Electric appliances, Clinton notions and Dritz sewing aids, Bogana closet accessories, Schrader tire valves, brass, copper and aluminum mill products; cosmetic containers, automotive products, fluid power products, industrial hose couplings, custom parts and assemblies, aerosol products; metal stationery supplies

Joan Daly says she likes it when guys wear Old Spice.
Girls like it. Is there a better reason to wear Old Spice?
Old Spice Cologne, After Shave and Gift-Sets—also available in Lime.

been drastically underpriced. The company—which has no holdings beyond the hockey teams and the Forum—is said to be worth about $30 million; even at its high point of $920, before the split, the stock was selling at less than 20 times earnings.

The only problem with it is finding someone willing to sell. The Molson brothers, William, David and Peter, own about 65%, of the 19,700 shares outstanding, and another 15%, is owned by other members of the family. There are only about 150 shareholders in all.

### TOP TENNIS, ANYONE?

Rod Laver's streak of 31 consecutive tournament victories was broken a week or so ago, but that did not affect Laver's place in the world tennis rankings announced by London's *The Daily Telegraph*, which has been doing this sort of thing for 55 years. This year's list, with last year's ranking in parentheses:

*MEN*

1. Rod Laver, Australia (1)
2. Tony Roche, Australia (5)
3. John Newcombe, Australia (6)
4. Tom Okker, Netherlands (4)
5. Ken Rosewall, Australia (3)
6. Arthur Ashe, U.S. (2)
7. Cliff Drysdale, South Africa (9)
8. Pancho Gonzales, U.S. (10)
9. Andres Gimeno, Spain (unranked)
10. Fred Stolle, Australia (unranked)

*WOMEN*

1. Margaret Court, Australia (5)
2. Ann Jones, Great Britain (6)
3. Billie Jean King, U.S. (1)
4. Nancy Richey, U.S. (3)
5. Julie Heldman, U.S. (unranked)
6. Rosemary Casals, U.S. (10)
7. Kerry Melville, Australia (unranked)
8. Peaches Bartkowicz, U.S. (unranked)
9. Virginia Wade, Great Britain (2)
10. Lesley Bowrey, Australia (9)

Men's tennis in the U.S. obviously declined in 1969 (only two in the top 10 and none in the top five). But America's women are coming on (five in the top 10 and three in the top five).

### BEER AND BASEBALL

Here is a little more news from the financial front. Rheingold, the beer company that sponsors New York Mets baseball on radio and TV, has revealed a fascinating parallel between its fortunes and those of the ball club. For instance, in 1966, after finishing last in each of their first four seasons, the Mets rose to ninth place, their best ever, won 66 games, their most ever, and drew 1,932,693 to Shea Stadium, another record. That same year Rheingold's sales reached $190 million, a record, and the company's stock hit an alltime high.

But in 1967 the Mets fell back to 10th place, went over the 100 mark in losses, saw the paid attendance drop more than 350,000 and fired Wes Westrum as manager. Rheingold, too, had a rough year. The company lost more than $200,000, the stock nose-dived and changes were made in top management.

In 1968 the Mets started up again. They finished ninth, won a record high of 73 games and attendance jumped more than 200,000. Rheingold rallied as well. Sales totaled $189 million, just below the record, and net earnings were almost $4.5 million.

This year the Mets—well, we *know* what they have done. And Rheingold, with its season not over, reports a 39.6% increase in net income for the first half, record sales, and—in this bleak year—a near record high for its stock.

Let's go Mets! Drink up, everybody!

### ANDROCLES IN UPPER MICHIGAN

These wilderness stories always sound like something your great-grandfather first heard from Dan'l Boone, but here we go with another one. Frank Stebbins, a logger in Amasa, Mich., on the Upper Peninsula, was checking his trap line the other day when he found a bear caught by the foot in one of the traps. The bear was not happy, and neither was Stebbins, since trapping bears is illegal in Michigan. He had to get the animal out of the trap without shooting it, but the question was how? The easy way would be to walk up and say, "Here, fella. Let me get you out of that thing," but this bear did not seem to be the type to buy that dodge. So Stebbins decided to experiment.

He cut a five-foot branch off a nearby sapling and gingerly approached the angry, thrashing animal. "He quieted down a little," says Stebbins, "and I began to scratch him behind the ears with the tip of the branch." The bear stopped muttering, became downright docile and, in fact (or in story), rolled over and covered his eyes with his paws. While he was freaked out, Stebbins quickly opened the trap.

The tale would be perfect, of course, if the bear had then gratefully licked his benefactor's hand, saved him from starving by leading him to a honey tree and subsequently protected him from a treacherous attack by a timber wolf. But no Stebbins says that the bear, once free, raced for the woods, pausing only for one fleeting glance back from a safe distance.

### CREAM PUFF

On the chance that someone might be looking for something to use as a station car, we pass along word that the Aston Martin DB5 featured in the James Bond film *Goldfinger* is, so to speak, sitting in an English used-car lot. Bond's beauty is silver gray, cost more than $36,000 to build, has gone only 10,000 miles, can hit 150 mph and includes such standard equipment as machine guns, ejector seat, bulletproof shield, smoke-screen blower, oil-slick sprayer, radar and revolving license plates. Its owner, K. H. Luscombe-Whyte, decided he wanted to buy an airplane instead and was offering it for $12,000, if you hurried right down to the corner of Oddjob and Galore. "It's been tremendous fun," said Luscombe-Whyte, who obtained the car in a trade for a 250 GTO Ferrari, "but I think it's a luxury for a richer man than me." Luscombe-Whyte admitted that he had never actually used the oil spray or the smoke screen. "They were tempting sometimes," he said, "but one might have become rather unpopular."

### THEY SAID IT

• Billy Martin, manager of the Minnesota Twins, on how to celebrate winning the American League Western Division championship: "You split a bottle of champagne and drink the Western half."

• Jim Sweeney, Washington State football coach and former coach at Montana State, about the defensive line of Weber State, which he coached against in the Big Sky Conference: "One guy was so mean he got kicked out of the Marines for unnecessary roughness."

• Dick O'Connell, Boston Red Sox general manager, after firing Manager Dick Williams, who in 1967 led the Red Sox to their first pennant in 21 years. "There's a great deal of difference between being a crown prince and a king, between bidding for success and then attaining it. After you attain success, what do you do with it?" **END**

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*P.O.E.

**Sports Illustrated**

OCTOBER 6, 1969

# 62-0

*Ohio State launched its campaign for a second straight national title last week by devastating TCU with an attack that had many people wondering if the Buckeyes may not be the best college team ever*

**by DAN JENKINS**

Everything is still all right in the Big Ten, friends, the heartland of the U.S., where fight songs are considered soul music. Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf has done it to Notre Dame for the third year in a row, Michigan is scoring more touchdowns than there are letters in Bo Schembechler's name and at Michigan State Duffy Daugherty keeps coming from behind to win. The conference has nine wins in two weeks, despite the extra weight of Wisconsin, Northwestern and Illinois, and it has scored 561 points in 19 games. And in that towering gray edifice known as Ohio Stadium, the Buckeyes of Woody Hayes again look like No. 1—and 2 and 3.

Woody would not agree, of course. There were just too many mistakes in that opening victory over TCU before the usual Columbus throng of 80 million. The Buckeyes blew a couple of extra points, for one thing, which knocked the score down from 64-0 to 62-0. It took them two whole plays instead of one to score their first touchdown. The offense only managed to score nine of the 18 times it had the ball, and we all know you can't stall yourself nine times and win Woody a fourth national championship, not when 62 points aren't safe anymore.

The opening-game jitters further affected the Bucks so that they gained only 565 yards in total offense, slowed down, no doubt, by the steady rain that fell throughout most of the game. Considering they ran off 101 plays—a school record—well, it just seemed like you ought to get more points and more yards for that. And then there was this business of shuffling the responsibility around, an indication that no one is going to be able to break any records.

Quarterback Rex Kern got 78 yards on his slick keepers, which was fine, but he kept handing the ball to Jim Otis, letting the barrel-shaped runner get 121, and to John Brockington, letting him get 79, and to assorted other backs who shuttled back and forth from the sideline as part of Hayes' happiness program. "Morale may be a problem," Woody had said. "We have a lot of good boys, and we'll have to get them in the games."

And then there were all those errors the defense made. It only intercepted four passes and recovered two fumbles, but then TCU didn't have the ball all that often. Further, the defense actually let the Horned Frogs cross the 50-yard line two times, one of them on the last play of the game. And with all of this, Cornerback Jack Tatum, who might well be the best college player in the U.S., failed to kill a single runner or receiver although he caused a number of limp-offs.

Well, perhaps things will seem brighter to Woody after this week. There is an old saying that a team improves more between its first and second games than it does all season long, so after the slipshod Buckeyes beat Washington 124-0 out in Seattle, Hayes may think they're ready to take on the Big Ten challengers—Purdue, Michigan, Michigan State, Minnesota—the good teams that stand between Ohio State and another undefeated year and No. 1 trophy for Woody.

What made it all so hilarious by last Saturday night is that Ohio State was pretty worried about a lot of things. First of all, one always does worry before an opener, especially when playing a team that has already been under fire. TCU went to Columbus not as a Southwest Conference power on the order of a Texas or an Arkansas but with a team that was admittedly better than any it had suited up in about three years. The Frogs, after all, had scared Purdue in a 42-35 game the previous week. They had a sophomore quarterback, Steve Judy, who had thrown four touchdown passes, and a streak of a flanker, Linzy Cole, who had caught two of them and returned a punt 70 yards. They had Big Boo, Norm Bulaich, a 216-pound 9.6 sprinter of a running back who for four years has been supposed to bring TCU back to glory but who seems forever to be hurt.

"Our defense is in for a real test," said Lou McCullough, Woody's defensive coach, who must have done quite a job of concealing his mirth.

Then, too, Ohio State thought it had these other problems. TCU had never been easy for Woody. Twice before the Frogs had brought seemingly lesser teams to Columbus and had somehow beaten and tied Buckeye elevens that went on to attain a No. 1 rating. Nor did Woody know how his team would

*Having eluded a TCU defender, Ohio State End Bruce Jankowski heads toward the goal line for the first of the Buckeyes' nine touchdowns.*

begin a season aware that it can't return to the Rose Bowl because of a conference rule against champions going back to Pasadena, a rule that surely stands as the silliest in football.

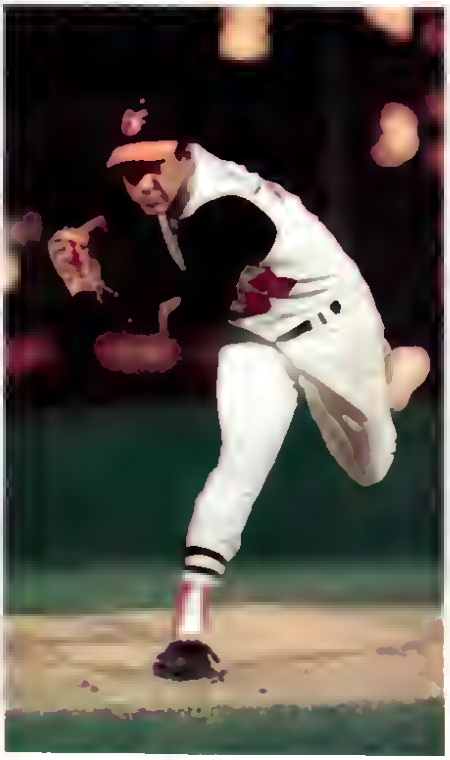
"The lack of Rose Bowl incentive may show on us if we get behind," he said. "And it will be a problem if we lose a game somewhere."

The final concern Hayes had was getting all of his splendid players in the game. "We've got more good boys than we've ever had. I've said that before," he said. "They have to play or they might get unhappy."

Everybody should have such problems. They seemed to get solved so quickly last week with Ohio State scoring three times in the first quarter that Rex Kern casually began replacing divots in the turf when he wasn't outrunning, outpassing and outsmarting the Texans. The kind of day it would be was revealed the first time Ohio State got the ball. Kern brought his team out in an I formation with a slot right and an end split to the right. He drifted over to his right and passed 36 yards to the end, Bruce Jankowski. When the play was called back by a penalty Rex did something very different. He brought his team out in an I formation with a slot right and an end split to the right, and he passed 43 yards to Bruce Jankowski for a touchdown. It probably would have worked every time Kern called it but Rex wanted to work on the ground game, so he started keeping the ball and handing off to Otis and Brockington the rest of the day to see how far they could lug TCU's tacklers, which was normally five or six yards at a time.

The TCU offense, which had scored 35 points on Purdue, meanwhile was nowhere to be seen. Big Boo, of course, got hurt quickly—for the umpteenth time in five years. Linzy Cole hobbled off, too. And poor Steve Judy, who did reveal some promise, couldn't find any receivers except Buckeyes to hold onto his passes. The one time TCU got a runner through the Buckeye middle Jack Tatum hit him so hard the ball popped 10 feet in the air, Ohio State recovering the fumble.

TCU Coach Fred Taylor may have been near the truth when he said, "They are the finest college team ever assembled." But then again, that's awfully lavish praise for a team making so many mistakes. END



# AN IDEAL TEAM IN HARM'S WAY

*The Orioles, deep in pitching and strong up the middle, are throwbacks to classic Yankee teams. But the Twins' Harmon Killebrew, finishing an awesome year, has his own heroic thoughts*

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

In *The Roar of the Crowd*, W R Burnett's central character, the Old Timer, a prominent lawyer in a small California town who played for three major league teams in his younger days, remains devoted to his sport because he still finds it "a naked struggle for supremacy that goes on for hours." He feels "it does not need midgets, exploding scoreboards, fireworks, giveaway programs or any of the other rather pathetic sales gimmicks that have been tried from time to time as a substitute for a good ball team and sound baseball." When the author asks the Old Timer what it takes to make a successful team, he answers sagely, "The aim of all managers is the *ideal* team. It is never achieved, of course, but sometimes they come very close, as with a few Yankee teams over the years. What in theory is the ideal team? Defensive strength down the middle and offensive strength on the corners. A pitching staff with five good starters and five good relievers, all with excellent control. And at the end of the rainbow a pot of gold."

The one team in the 1960s that comes close to Burnett's ideal is Baltimore of 1969, which this week acts as host to the American League segment of the series of champions, the new best-of-five playoff that will ultimately determine whether the Orioles or the Minnesota Twins will be in the 66th World Series, beginning a week from now.

This year, racing through their schedule with a consistency that has rarely been seen in baseball or any other sport, the Orioles chewed up what was supposed to be the best-balanced of the major leagues' four divisions, a group that included last year's world champion Detroit Tigers, among others. By winning 106 of their first 154 games for a .689 percentage, the Orioles earned a place alongside seven superb American League clubs: the great Yankee teams of 1927, 1932 and 1939 with Ruth, Gehrig, Dickey, Lazzeri and DiMaggio, and 1961 with Maris and Mantle, Connie Mack's fabled Philadelphia Athletics of 1929 and 1931 with the Million Dollar Infield and enough overall strength to cause them to be broken up for the good of the league, and the Cleveland Indians of 1954, a team that still holds the record for most victories in a season, 111.

Now, of course, the Orioles must face up to the playoffs, the most debatable part of an interesting season that, several weeks before it ended, had already drawn 25 million paying customers to big-league ball parks. Equipped with fine power hitters like Frank Robinson and Boog Powell *(see cover)*, Brooks Robinson and Paul Blair, each of whom hit over 20 home runs, the Orioles also have the best pitching staff in the American League.

The Baltimore players have produced all sorts of impressive statistics. Robinson and Powell each knocked in more than 100 runs while batting over .300. Little Don Buford, the Oriole leadoff hitter, proved he had power in go along with his speed by staying up among the league leaders in doubles all season long. In fact, the first five hitters in the Oriole lineup—Buford, Blair, Frank Robinson, Powell and Brooks Robinson—have hit 128 home runs. On defense, the Orioles came close to equaling their own record for fewest errors in a season (95), and the left side of the infield, with Brooks Robinson at third and Mark Belanger at short, is one of the best baseball has ever seen.

Nevertheless, there are quite a few people, many of them not living in Baltimore, who believe that the Orioles enter the playoffs somewhat disadvantaged. Why, some ask, must a team be exposed to being beaten in a short series after having won more games than any other during the 162-game regular season and thus be deprived of playing in baseball's biggest showcase, the World Series? And, realistically, haven't new Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and his staff bungled the playoff setup by not giving to the winningest team the home-field advantage? Baltimore plays the first two games in Memorial Stadium, then the remaining games in Minnesota. Not even the National Basketball Association, seldom cited for its great foresight, ever let that happen during its playoffs. Among other things, consider the Twins' astounding record at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn. Since June 15 they have capitalized as well as any team ever has on the "home-court" advantage by winning 38 of the last 48 games they played there.

When the Orioles broke their spring training camp in Miami in April, Manager Earl Weaver and his team had a set plan by which they hoped to win their division. "We decided," says Weaver, "that if we could just play seven games over .500 every month that it would add up to enough victories to win." The only months in which the Orioles were as low as seven games over .500 were July and August. Those two, however, had already been amply provided for by a spectacular June when the Orioles finished 15 games above .500. It was during this period that the Orioles took flight from the rest of their division. In a span of less than two weeks they moved from three games ahead to 10, and the season was just about over for the rest of the Eastern Division.

As July came on, the Orioles developed one of those sometimes funny, sometimes testy and silly diversions that successful professional teams seem to thrive on. The Orioles' device was a kangaroo court held after every winning game. The judge of the court was Frank Robinson, who conducted his cases using a Louisville Slugger as a gavel and a mop as a periwig, for dignity. The court meted out three main awards that carried with them $1 fines plus the stigma of a memento that had to be kept by the fined player for a day. The memen-

continued

*Stolid and menacing, Minnesota's Killebrew, the American League's top slugger, will face its top lefthander, Baltimore's Mike Cuellar*

tos were an old spiked shoe painted red, a mail-order glove painted silver and a scuffed-up baseball with the stuffing leaking out. The shoe represented the John Mason Memorial Baserunning Award, named for a player once in the Orioles' organization who was believed to be the worst base runner anywhere. The glove, called the Chico Salmon No-Touch Award, was named after their fumble-fingered utility man and was given to the player who looked the worst on defense during the day's game. The baseball went to the pitcher who had yielded the hardest-hit ball, and was named the John O'Donoghue Line Drive Award in memory of the pitcher who in 1968 had an earned run average of 6.14.

A record of the award winners and other assorted fines was kept in a notebook by Coach Charlie Lau, who suggested the idea of fines when he saw a player walk to the food table in the clubhouse after a game without any clothing on. "That started it," said Lau. "Frank took charge of it and made it go. The thing that was good about it was that it brought everyone on the team closer together. A baseball team lives together for a long period of time and has to have things to keep it loose and lift the tensions."

Some fines noted by Lau in his little book: Pitching Coach George Bamberger, after being observed yawning on the bench; Centerfielder Paul Blair, for posting a large poster above his locker which said, WORLD'S GREATEST CENTERFIELDER and was signed by an artist named Evelyn Blair, Lau himself and Boog Powell, "for cleaning fish in the shower"; Dave McNally, the 20-game winner, "for taking too long to pitch a game and thus shortening the cocktail hour"; Reliever Dave Leonhard, fined several times for arriving at the ball park without socks; Utility Man Bobby Floyd, for wearing "great popsicle-colored pants"; Manager Weaver, for putting Belanger into a game in a late inning for defensive purposes only to have Belanger make two consecutive errors.

On top of the award fines and others deemed necessary by the players themselves, the Orioles were assessed 50¢ for each error made during infield practice before games. Normally, when teams fine themselves the money is used at the completion of the season to throw a party. This is not the case with the Orioles, as Brooks Robinson, the splendid third baseman and gentleman, explained one evening not long ago in Memorial Stadium. "This morning," he said, "I went to the Equitable Trust Company with the fine money. We aren't going to have a party with it. Not long ago Sharon Corrales, the wife of Pat Corrales, the second-string catcher for the Cincinnati Reds, died just after giving birth to their fourth child. We decided by a vote to deposit the money in her name to help in the education of the children."

Baltimore may well become the White Sands Proving Grounds of the playoffs' future. Attendance in Baltimore this year has been less than stimulating, a fact attested to by the honest accounting system of the club. (The Orioles announce their actual turnstile crowds, rather than a turnstile count plus a head count of season ticket holders not present—a method all sports promoters, particularly professional football teams, should follow.) Baltimore is going to have the lowest attendance for a pennant-winning team since 1946, although ticket sales will exceed a million.

One important reason for the slim attendance is that Baltimore, unlike New York, Los Angeles, Chicago or Detroit, does not have vast amounts of expense-account money to spend. Baltimoreans are quick to react when they feel they are being gouged. Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the Colts, found this out—and backed down—after trying to force his season-ticket holders to buy seats to two exhibition games, too, in 1970. John F. Steadman, the sports editor of *The News American* and a former publicity director of the Colts, let Rosenbloom know how things stood in a tone seldom used by professional football writers.

"All the negative publicity the Baltimore Colts have brought upon themselves, unnecessarily," wrote Steadman, "could have been prevented if they had knowledge of their own public. Rosenbloom didn't know, when he started on this latest course, how the typical Baltimore Colts' ticket buyer felt. Most fans are middle-income. Money is budgeted for food, clothes, school, church, mortgage, gasoline, beer and entertainment. There are hundreds, maybe even thousands, of Colts' ticket buyers who put several dollars away each week to pay for their seats. Everybody isn't rich."

The Colts of 1968 were beaten in the Super Bowl by the New York Jets after their fans had been led to believe that theirs was the best team of recent NFL times. This spring the Baltimore Bullets of the NBA, after having the best record in the league over the regular season, were eliminated by the New York Knickerbockers in four straight games of the quarter-final round of the playoffs. What will Oriole fans do should Minnesota knock this fine Oriole club out of a chance at the World Series? What will they do if the Orioles do reach the Series and the New York Mets beat them?

But there is a blessing for baseball in having the Orioles meet the Twins for the championship of the American League. Minnesota is a good baseball team with a lot of heroes of its own. Maybe only Carl Yastrzemski in 1967 enjoyed in recent times the type of season Harmon Killebrew has had this year. After Killebrew ruptured a hamstring in the 1968 All-Star Game, many thought his tremendous years as a Twin might be at an end. But he came back this spring with a string of heroic performances that had Twin fans standing and shouting for him as never before. He hit balls into the green seats at Detroit and the empty ones in Cleveland; drove them over that short wall in Fenway and up and over the long one in Kansas City. Reggie Jackson fascinated the country with his power for a good part of the year, and so, too, did Frank Howard. But Killebrew was coming on, and coming on strong. Through his team's pennant-clinching last week he never missed a game. He passed Howard and Jackson, batted in 138 runs and had 20 game-winning hits. Undeniably, he stands as the Most Valuable Player in the American League this year.

Rod Carew also had a fine season, and his seven steals of home broke a record set in 1946 by Pete Reiser of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Carew hit around .350 for most of the year, although his timing was often interfered with by Army Reserve duty. Second Baseman Carew worked well alongside Leo Cardenas at short to solidify an infield often suspect in the past. And Tony Oliva (.304) proved once again that he is virtually a hitting machine.

The best games played in the majors this year were between Baltimore and Minnesota. They were explosive games, tough games, marvelous games. In the

12 meetings between the Orioles and Twins, things happened guaranteed to make any true follower of the sport wish that every game of the season could be as good. Although some doubted that genuine rivalries could be developed between teams in different divisions, an exceptionally spirited one grew between Baltimore and Minnesota. Consider only a few of the highlights of the regular season and you can see what might develop in the playoffs.

It was mid-May and the Orioles traveled to Minnesota for a three-game series. The first game was won 4–2 on an inside-the-park home run by the Twins' Carew with a man on in the eighth. In the second game the Orioles' Blair knocked in five runs, but the Twins rallied for five themselves in the eighth before losing 9–8. The next night Dave McNally carried a no-hitter into the ninth inning only to have it broken up by a Cesar Tovar single with one out. Baltimore still won 5–0.

Less than a week later the clubs met again, and Minnesota pushed home two runs in the 13th inning to win 3–2. Baltimore's bullpen had to function superbly to save the next game, 4–3, and the following evening the Orioles scored five runs in the seventh inning to win 6–2.

Ten weeks passed before the two met again. Somehow they topped even their earlier meetings. A triple in the 10th inning by Cardenas set up the winning run, and Carew brought it home with a drag bunt in a 4–3 Twins victory. A seventh-inning homer by Powell won the next game for the Orioles, 6–5. On Aug. 3 McNally took the mound to try and become the first pitcher in league history to win 18 consecutive games. He carried a 1–0 lead into the seventh inning, and then Rich Reese pinch-hit a grand-slam home run to win for the Twins 4–1. A few days later Baltimore rallied for four runs in the ninth inning to defeat the Twins 6–5. In their final meeting prior to the playoff, Mike Cuellar of Baltimore carried a no-hitter into the ninth only to have Tovar single again. The Orioles won this time 2–0.

Because they happen so infrequently, the most exciting things in baseball are said to be an inside-the-park home run, a pinch-hit grand-slam home run, a big ninth-inning rally, a drag bunt that wins a game and a bid for a no-hitter. All these occurred in the games between the Orioles and the Twins, and although Baltimore won the season's series eight games to four, the difference between the two teams is not as wide as it seems when the scores are considered.

The matchups between the Orioles and Twins are enough to lend more speculation to the playoff in the American League than the one in the National. Earl Weaver and Billy Martin, the competing managers, are top candidates for the honor of manager of the year in the American League. Because both have used their material to play a forcing, exciting, tomorrow-be-damned style of baseball that makes use of the entire 25-man rosters, they have also made the most out of positions that were critical for the success of their teams. Cardenas, acquired by Minnesota from Cincinnati as the possible answer to the troubled shortstop job, contributed importantly to Minnesota's rise. Weaver has gotten the utmost out of Belanger, now the premier shortstop in the American League.

The league's two leading run producers in 1969, Killebrew and Powell, should be the chief threats, but the other stars are also there: Carew, Oliva, Reese, Frank Robinson, Tovar and Blair—six of the top hitters in the American League. And Baltimore still has the incomparable Brooks Robinson at third.

The Orioles, ideal in Burnett's classic sense, should find their way into the World Series, but if Minnesota beats them in a short playoff a lot of questions are going to be asked, particularly by older fans who could do with fewer gimmicks, like a playoff system, on their march to the end of the rainbow and a pot of gold.

## PITCHING—AND AN OMEN—FAVORS THE METS

Baseball is always looking for omens. A hitter who has gone zip for 27 knows he is going to come out of his slump today because last night his sister from Elizabeth, N.J. called and told him not to worry. The last time she did that he went on a 14-game rip. The pitcher, whose control has been so bad, puts on a teammate's sweat shirt with big holes in it, both front and back, and suddenly his "deuce" catches the black for strikes and the change-up has all the enemy hitters off stride.

There was a very good omen present for the New York Mets even before the 1969 baseball season started, but, because they were the New York Mets, few people bothered to make much of it. The augury was a very inside thing. The club that won the Florida Instructional League—where young players developed and old ones tested new tricks—was sure to be a winner the following summer. In 1965 the Baltimore Orioles won the Florida Instructional League, and the next season they became world champions. The Red Sox won the FIL in 1966 and won the American pennant in 1967 (at odds of 100 to 1) and then chased St. Louis to the seventh game of the Series. In 1967 the Detroit Tigers won, and the parent club went on in 1968 to win its first pennant in 23 years and the Series. Last fall the Met instructional-league team beat out a dozen others and, sure enough, this year the Mets won the Eastern Division of the National League, providing baseball with a warm surprise and Owner Joan Payson with one of the league's highest attendances (2,175,373) ever.

The Mets, who open the National League portion of the playoffs this week against the Braves in Atlanta or the Giants in San Francisco, are the one club with very little to lose. Their season has already been a tremendous success because few of their followers thought the team had progressed to the point, after seven years of existence, where it could beat out powerful contenders. In preseason odds St. Louis was 2 to 5 to win the title in the East, Chicago 3 to 1 and the Mets 25 to 1.

New York won because of the most obvious factors: managing, fielding, base running, desire, Koosman and Seaver. Jerry Koosman, 25, and Tom Seaver, 24, are being lumped together like Koufax and Drysdale in Los Angeles, McLain and Lolich in Detroit and, earlier, Spahn and Sain (and pray for rain) in Boston. In the bars of Queens and Long

continued

Island the cry now is, "Seav and Kooz and bring on the booze." During the two years that Koosman and Seaver have been pitching together for New York they have won 77 games and completed 65 of them. By the end of last week they had won 18 of their last 19 decisions, dispelling rumors that they were suffering with arm troubles.

Although the public is sometimes led to believe that Koosman fell out of a hayloft in Appleton, Minn. and right into the arms of the Mets as a full-blown success, and that Seaver was born in a manger in Fresno, Calif., both stories are apocryphal. Each has worked and thought hard and learned to command his own pitching talents.

Gil Hodges, the Met manager, has often been regarded as one of the nicest men in baseball, but his players know how tough he can be. If he does not like something he sees a player doing he will "sit him down" until the player has learned his lesson. The thing which Hodges himself learned the quickest as a manager was how to handle pitchers, the most difficult job a manager has. Working effectively with Pitching Coach Al (Rube) Walker and delegating a lot of responsibility to him, Hodges still takes on himself the blame for any mistakes and often awards the praise to his coach. Hodges manages a lot on instinct and lets neither press nor ownership call his shots for him. He pulls his pitchers when he thinks the time is right and he is seldom proved wrong.

Eggheads and barbers, newspaper columnists and television commentators, have all offered theories as to what the Mets have meant for New York City this year. Basically, what the team did was play good National League baseball in a town that has always seemed fonder of the National League than the American. Old men put transistors to their ears on city streets to listen to the Mets, and women suddenly discovered that the game was not dying. It is impossible to tell how many listened to the Mets on radio or watched them on television, but at one point a Met game on WOR-TV pulled 40% of the viewing audience in prime time while the next-highest-rated show, the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, got only 20%. In that stretch of summer between the schools' recess in June and New York's clinching of the divisional title two weeks ago, an average of 36,221 paying customers went to Shea Stadium each day, and nearly half of New York's final 43 home dates were against the Astros, Expos, Padres or Phillies—clubs certainly not known as gate attractions.

Whether the Mets cooled off a potentially hot summer in Harlem, or heated up maternal love throughout the city, is best left for sociologists. What the Mets did do was thrill an old baseball town by diving for balls in the infield, running fearlessly after them in the outfield and, overall, comporting themselves as a young and happy team. For those who lived in Queens last winter and had snow piled up to their adenoids while arguing politicians failed to remove it, or lived in Manhattan and saw the garbage stacked to heights that would challenge the jumping ability of Fearless Dick Fosbury, or watched prices rise as high as pie in the sky while surly cab drivers mouthed their own intimate form of insult, the Mets were pure joy.

By the end of last week the race to see who would meet the Mets in the divisional playoffs had come down to the Braves and the Giants. With two games remaining for Atlanta and three for San Francisco—all, incidentally, in their home parks—the Braves led by 2½ games. Earlier in the week the Cincinnati Reds were eliminated despite a team batting average of .277, but the Red pitching had been giving up runs all year long and their team earned run average of 4.14 looked more like a hat size than a Series' cap.

Atlanta had fooled those people who all season long expected them to collapse. The Braves had occupied first place longer than any other team. Henry Aaron had an excellent season with 44 homers, the same number, until Sunday, as Willie McCovey of the Giants. McCovey raised his total to 45, thereby destroying one of those mysterious number games fans like to play. Both men, you see, wear No. 44 on their uniforms. More to the point, McCovey, the best hitter in the National League this year, knocked in 124 runs while batting .322, and Aaron drove home 96 with an average of .299.

The main differences between the Braves and the Giants, however, are their fielding and their pitching. Atlanta's infield is much stronger defensively with Orlando Cepeda at first, Felix Millan at second, Gil Garrido at short and Clete Boyer at third. On the other hand, San Francisco's pitching is considerably more reliable. The Giants got 51 complete games from Juan Marichal and Gaylord Perry, while Atlanta's total of 38 complete games was built basically on the 21 pitched by Phil Niekro. Late in the season Ron Reed came on strong for Atlanta Manager Luman Harris, but the Braves' bullpen, picked up by the addition of Hoyt Wilhelm from the California Angels late in the season, sagged badly. And for the Braves, Wilhelm—the one fresh man—is ineligible for the playoffs and the Series.

*Driving their fans into a frenzy the night they won the divisional title the Mets had become a complete team. Here are Art Shamsky and Tommie Agee (above and below) batting Ken Boswell hurtling into second, Ron Swoboda running and lefty Jerry Koosman pitching.*

Rico Carty, he of the one-hand catch (sometimes) and the good bat (most times), has hit well for the Braves (.345), even though he barely reached 300 at bats. And Atlanta got two marvelous breaks when 20-year-old Bob Didier proved himself a splendid catcher, and Tony Gonzalez, acquired in a trade, provided key hits. Didier had played only 133 games in the minors—the rule of thumb for a catcher is 400 minor league games before moving up to the majors—with a batting average of .219. His average with the Braves was .258.

San Francisco's major plus was the arrival of young (23) Bobby Bonds, who became only the fourth player in history to hit more than 30 homers and steal more than 30 bases in the same season. Bonds broke in with the Giants in spectacular fashion last season by belting a grand-slam homer against the Los Angeles Dodgers for his first major league hit, but he also broke the all-time major league record for strikeouts in a season by easily surpassing Dave Nicholson's former record of 175.

Against the Mets this year the Braves and Giants each won only four of 12. Those games were played at points in the season when New York was not as good as it was at the end of the year, by which time it was very good. Atlanta has been on a winning streak almost as hot as the Mets'; the Giants have struggled. No matter which team faced the New Yorkers, it assuredly would have its hands full with those young, strong-armed enthusiasts. **SMD**

12

20

PHOENI
42

# A COMING-OUT PARTY FOR LEW AND CONNIE

*In his first pro appearance Alcindor showed that—like Bill Russell—he changes the nature of the game by depriving rivals of some attacking weapons. Don't worry, Hawkins will be a star, too*

by TEX MAULE

When the ball was tossed up, he climbed high in the air and tapped it back to a teammate, and went down court in a long, deceptive lope that put him under the basket in seconds. He stood for a moment, jockeying for position, then reached for a pass, dribbled and faked to his right, all with the grace and precision of a small man. The fake carried the defender with it for a moment, he turned and the defender came back and they collided briefly. He waited until he was sure of his balance, then tossed a soft, short shot into the basket for two points and moments later cashed a free throw for another.

Lew Alcindor, in the opening moments of his first game with Milwaukee against professional competition, scored three points, and this three-point play is undoubtedly symbolic of what he will do over the next decade. He was, of course, playing for the Bucks against the Phoenix Suns in the Milwaukee Arena in the first exhibition game of the season for both teams. Some 10,000 people—only a few under capacity—paid to see how well he would do as a pro. If they had any doubts about Alcindor, they were quieted quickly. Alcindor can do anything any big man ever did. He is as close to a meld of Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell as you can be and remain human.

The Bucks won this game 87-86, and the Suns displayed a talented new player of their own in ABA-transplant Connie Hawkins, but the excitement of the close contest and the virtuoso performance of Hawkins were both lost in the shade of Alcindor's brilliance. He scored 24 points, had 23 rebounds and blocked 11 shots. Hawkins will be one of the best forwards in the NBA—he plays with consummate ease for a man 6'8", shoots beautifully and may be the most skillful passer among all the big men who ever played—he had 19 points and half a dozen assists.

But Alcindor distorts any game by his abilities. The Suns could never drive for the easy shots under the basket because he was there to block them. Once, late in the game with the Suns threatening, he batted away a shot from 10 feet out, came back under the basket and batted down the follow-up, then crammed the ball down a Sun shooter's throat when he tried to tip it in. The next time the Suns came downcourt he batted the ball down, recovered it and tossed a lovely lead pass to a teammate running a fast break, giving the Bucks two big points.

On offense, he moves more quickly than Chamberlain ever did and is a much better shot than Russell was. Once he took a pass at the free-throw line, faked the Sun defender and, his long, clean body stretched taut, leaned endlessly and stuffed the ball through the basket. "He's going to put a lot of people in retirement," Sun Coach John Kerr said after the game. "Russell made the hook shot obsolete. Alcindor's like that."

True, he missed shots he should have made. "But he's great to pass to," said Milwaukee's Guy Rodgers, who used to feed Chamberlain. "He's the most agile big man I ever saw, and the fastest. [In the Bucks' 300-yard preseason trials, Alcindor won in 38.9.] He moves around. You pass him the ball and he can put it down, move on the man guarding him and score. And he's great at the lead pass to start a fast break."

Alcindor was not that happy with himself. "I have a lot to learn," he said. "I didn't shoot well tonight. Maybe it was tension, I don't know. I move because I don't want them to have a stationary target. This is a much faster game than the college game. You *have* to keep going here."

He played all but a few moments of this game and he never tired. If he showed any weakness at all, it was a lack of aggressiveness under the offensive basket. But as the game wore on he grew more confident there and began to score on tip-ins. Before the game Larry Costello, the coach of the Bucks, said, "Alcindor is ahead of any rookie I ever saw. I played with Chamberlain, and when he wanted to, he could do everything. Shoot, pass off, play defense, rebound, anything you wanted. But most of the time he was stationary. Russell was a great player, but he was never really a good shot. This kid is a combination. He's not as strong as Wilt, but no one else is either. He's strong enough to fight under the boards and he *will* fight. And he's a fine shot. When we first got him, in scrimmage, he would go to the basket, make contact with the defense and keep driving. That put him off-balance. Now he has learned to drive, make contact, knock the defensive player off-balance, then gather himself and take the shot. That way he'll score more and he'll get some three-point plays by drawing the foul."

Costello modified the Buck defense to take advantage of Alcindor's skills, and the change paid off against the Suns. They were never able to drive on Milwaukee. "Last year we had to play conservatively on defense," Costello said. "We couldn't gamble and risk someone driving up the middle because we didn't have a big man there to shut him off. Now we're free to take those chances and put pressure on the outside shooters. Alcindor is there."

And Alcindor will be there a long, long time. END

*Nearly an arm's length over 6'10" Jim Fox Lew gets off his shot (far left). Heading downcourt, Connie glances back for a pass*

# TO THE BOWL OF THEIR DREAMS

*The Green Bay Packers defeated the San Francisco 49ers 14–7 last Sunday and now lead the NFL's Central Division, but the trail back to the Super Bowl is long, long and winding*

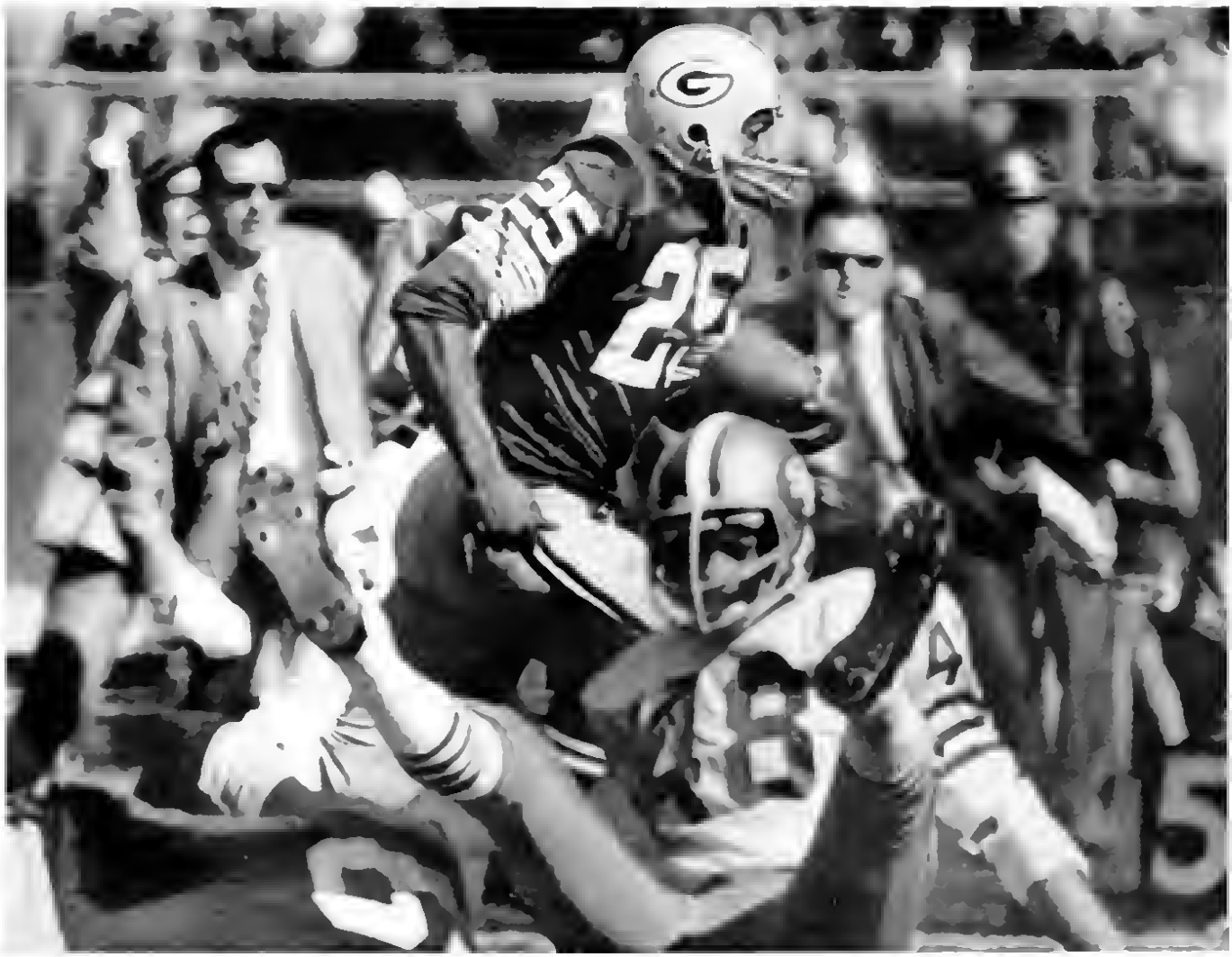
by ROBERT F. JONES

A thin, sour rain was falling on the Packer practice field at Green Bay, Wis., thrumming on the helmets and dripping from the noses of the former world champions. Bob Jeter, the clever cornerback, was taking his ease in a golf cart labeled "Bengtson's Bomb" and watching a series of running plays. Bart Starr, with all the patience of a tutorial Job, lobbed pitchouts to rookie Back Dave Hampton. Somehow, Hampton couldn't find the handle. After he had dropped three in a row, Jeter spoke up. "Now, Dave," he chided, "just you catch that ball *hefo'* you start runnin' wif' it." From the defensive side of the scrimmage line, wise old (32) Ray Nitschke chimed in. "Make sure you've got it before you cut out, Davey." There was a professorial tone to Nitschke's voice that seemed at odds with his fanged and ferocious mouth and his jutting jaw. On the next pitchout Hampton caught first and ran afterward, throwing great clots of turf from his cleats as he cut and sprinted into the rainy daylight. A lesson learned, maybe.

On Sunday, when the Pack beat the San Francisco 49ers by a score of 14-7 in Milwaukee, Dave Hampton opened the second half with an 87-yard touchdown runback of a kickoff. It was the most spectacular play of the game — Hampton fielding a line drive on the dead run, exploding through a clutch of pursuers, getting hit by a tackler and spinning off into the clear, so overjoyed with it all that he threw the ball down two yards before he crossed the goal line. They gave him the TD anyway. A few seconds later Hampton dropped a pitchout and the enemy recovered the ball. A lesson unlearned, maybe. But Davey is growing, and so is the team. In a way, that plus and minus quality summarizes the hard road back for the Green Bay Packers.

The Pack isn't back yet, despite all

*Rookie Dave Hampton blows by upended Johnny Wolfe at midfield on an 87-yard kickoff return that resulted in Green Bay's first touchdown*



the bumper stickers in the state of Wisconsin. But the victory over the 49ers was far more significant than it seemed. Dick Nolan's talented but uncoordinated team played better than it had in six preseason losses and a humiliating defeat by Atlanta in the season opener. In a way it was a classic Packer victory snatched from the jaws of doom in the last seconds. In the past the inspiration for that kind of salvation came from the big man on the sidelines, St. Vincent de Brooklyn. He wasn't there this time—he hasn't been for two years—but when Cornerback Herb Adderley intercepted a John Brodie pass with 17 seconds left, his shadow seemed to fall across County Stadium.

As far as most football fans are concerned, the Packers were Vince Lombardi. Not anymore—or at least not necessarily. Green Bay now has a 2-0 mark and is leading the rough-and-tumble Central Division. The key to any understanding of the Packer resurgence lies in the dark alleys of motivation. Though Lombardi demanded, and usually got, first-rate execution from his players, there was an almost mystical quality to his leadership, an Augustinian faith—on the part of both the coach and his players—in Lombardi's ability to lift his teams above mere excellence into some higher realm. "Last year we were always waiting for the word from on high," says one Packer veteran. "It never came, although believe you me we got plenty of the old chewing. Even Phil Bengtson was catching it." Last year, as well, the Pack was probably trying too hard to prove its independence. Add to that uptightness the fact that Bengtson is hardly an inspirational coach and the 1968 Green Bay record of 6-7-1 is easily understandable. But Bengtson, like a new shoe, takes a bit of wearing before he becomes comfortable. He now fits.

Nonetheless, he still seems out of place in Lombardi's old office—a motel-modern monstrosity replete with a primitive painting of the Packers playing in the snow. But behind his tortured eyes and his quiet utterances, the 56-year-old Minnesotan (an All-America tackle under Bernie Bierman in 1934) mounts a high-class intellect. "Phil is the von Clausewitz of football defense," says one intimate. "He may come across gray and soft, but when you work with him for awhile you discover that he is as hard and neatly lined as a Prussian battle plan."

Yet Bengtson's aridity is not boring. He was always a friend to the players, if not a demigod, and he is said to have suffered as much under Lombardi's lash as anyone. Almost to a man, the players respect Bengtson for his integrity. They know that he could have refused the head-coaching post—the most difficult role-filling job since Truman succeeded Roosevelt. Indeed, Lombardi checked twice with Bengtson to make sure he wanted to risk it. After telling him once that the job was his, Vince came back a second time and asked, with great, gruff concern, "Are you sure you want the job, Phil?" Bengtson didn't hesitate. He didn't even check it out with his wife. "Maybe I was 54," he says, "but I wanted to be head coach."

It wasn't until this year—after Lombardi moved to Washington—that Bengtson could really convince his players that he understood the power game. As head coach and general manager no one could second-guess him or tug at the reins. The result has been a full-fledged taskmaster who in many ways out-Vinceents Lombardi. Bengtson's "aerobic" running program sent the Packers onto the jogging road in April. Now they run hard and hot three days a week: on Tuesdays, six 440-yard sprints with a minute rest in between; on Wednesdays, seven 110s; on Thursdays seven 55s. Many of the players complain that the workouts are too tough, but Packer receivers like Carroll Dale and Boyd Dowler can now run deep patterns, trot back to the huddle and run them all over again.

Bengtson is even more effective as a hard-nosed dealer in football bodies. Lombardi put a premium on experience and was suspicious of rookies. One of Bengtson's first moves this year was to trade veteran Defensive Tackle Ron Kostelnik to Baltimore and replace him with rookie Rich Moore of Villanova. At 6′ 6″ and 270 pounds, Moore gives the

*continued*

*Jim Grabowski pulls away from Skip Vanderbundt to go over for the Packers' winning score*

Packers something they haven't had for years: a strong inside rush and penetration to complement Defensive End Willie Davis' play. "My style is to hit and slide and flow into the gaps," says Willie. "They're so conscious of Richie's giant strength that they worry about his penetration. That takes the pressure off of me." Another Bengtson move was to ship off Safety Tom Brown to Washington and replace him with Doug Hart, who has been around for six years. Hart responded by intercepting two passes in the Pack's first 1969 victory, a 17-0 rout of the Chicago Bears.

On offense, where Bengtson admits he is a bit of an amateur, the new coach has shown a similar respect for youth that thus far is paying off. Second-year Guard Bill Lueck, a big but baby-faced hitter from Arizona, is a weight lifter with a circus strongman physique—unusual for a Packer—but he delights his teammates with his quickness and strength. Gale Gillingham, the other guard, weighs 265 and is also superquick, as is Tackle Francis Peay, a castoff New York Giant who replaced the retired Bob Skoronski. Thanks to Bengtson's aerobics, Forrest Gregg, at the other tackle, is in splendid condition. In fact, he's almost a young man again.

But Bengtson's independence is most apparent in the Donny Anderson dilemma. The $600,000 running back has always looked like a fine flanker, a fact that Lombardi himself noted out loud many a time. But Vince couldn't very well afford to admit that he had paid that much money for a punter and wide receiver. Bengtson, however, recognized that the Pack is graced with an abundance of running backs. Travis Williams is out of his '68 doldrums, Jim Grabowski is reliable up the middle and invaluable as a blocker, and there's Elijah Pitts, Hampton and rookie Perry Williams in reserve. The result has been that Bengtson has predicated his game plans on sets of fresh running backs.

Against the 49ers Anderson punted beautifully and ran pass patterns from the wide slot, but never handled the ball. He complained after the Bear game that he wanted to run for "someone," but it's doubtful that any other team could pick up Donny's contract. And, after all, it wasn't Phil Bengtson who shelled out for him.

The Packers are rich with talent, but so are many teams—not the least the 49ers—yet San Francisco has never "put it all together." Bengtson makes no pretense of being a Lombardi. He is relying on self-motivation, maturity and veterans teaching rookies. "We've always had that kind of boy—that kind of man," says Bengtson, typically correcting himself as he speaks.

There are any number of "natural leaders" on the team, yet the Pack actually is led by committee. On defense Willie Wood, Willie Davis and Ray Nitschke are the leaders. All of them are aware that they are nearing the end of the line, and they want to go out on top. "I wouldn't have been back this year if I wasn't certain in my own mind that the Packers have a quota of great moments left," says Davis. Adds Wood: "I'd thought about it last season, letting it go and getting out, but I couldn't do it on the blue note. Character is very important in this game, and quitting isn't good for the character. Take a look at Forrest Gregg. There's a natural leader, the sort of man that I'd like to be—the sort of man most of us would like to be. And he came back." Touchingly enough, when Wood's high praise was relayed to Gregg, the unretired tackle was openly moved. "I'm proud," he said. "That means a lot coming from him."

The Packer leadership is not a matter of exhortation. Packers don't shout, chant, sing or carry on. Max McGee, the retired end and unretiring playboy, summed up the mood when he said, "After you've turned 30 you don't want anyone patting you on the butt and telling you to go out there and kill."

Instead, the veterans lead by example. In the 49er game example No. 1 came from Grabowski on the Pack's second (and winning) touchdown. During the 53-yard drive T. Williams carried the ball on seven straight plays, reeling off gains of three to six yards. But with a third down on the San Francisco two-yard line, Starr flipped a little swing pass to "Grabbo." Hit hard from behind by

continued

*Green Bay Coach Phil Bengtson autographs a fan's placard, but that doesn't make it true.*

Naturally, Chivas drinkers aren't the only ones who try to squeeze the last drop out.

However, they are a bit more patient about it than the rest.

WIDE
GOODYEAR

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Skip Vanderhundt, Grabowski turned, drove and by an effort of will saw to it that he fell into the end zone.

Example No. 2 was Offensive Tackle Henry Jordan, who last year could scarcely stand up straight because of a bad back. During the off season Jordan went to a doctor who diagnosed his problem as rheumatoid arthritis and straightened out two kinks in Henry's spine. Against the 49ers Jordan played his traditional tough game. Example No. 3 was Boyd Dowler, starting at tight end in place of Marv Fleming, who has a bruised pectoral muscle. Dowler, big and strong for a wide receiver, took a Starr pass along the sideline, broke two tacklers and tightroped for 18 yards.

Examples 4 through 10 came from the charge of Defensive Ends Lionel Aldridge and Willie Davis, who only sacked Brodie twice but disrupted his timing, forcing him to overthrow his receivers. And the ultimate example, which recapitulates the Packers of yore as well as anticipates those of the future, came from Herb Adderley. He had been outstripped time and again in footraces by Gene Washington and Clinton McNeil, but when the big play came he made it. "We'd been conscious of their outside moves all week," said Adderley. "That's what we'd practiced against. McNeil came at me, gave a shake toward the flag, then went inside and ran a simple fly. He did that twice, once incomplete and once for their only touchdown. I was talking to myself. Nothing I could do." On the last 49er play of the game, McNeil was again the target and Adderley was laying back as Brodie lobbed the pass. In a flash Adderley atoned for his sins. That's the Packer way.

However, the Pack can come all the way back only if each player can kick the team's historical tendency to court disaster. The newfound explosiveness of T. Williams and Hampton, coupled with the old passing game, should preclude disaster. But Starr, despite going 15 for 25 against the 49ers, was often woefully inaccurate. He seemed hesitant, unwilling to wing the ball, or else he was releasing too early. "We had the chance to squash them," lamented Aldridge, "but instead we kept them alive." Maybe the Packer errors were only signs of growing pains, or maybe the transition is incomplete. As Phil Bengtson put it: "We played to keep from losing, and that's a tough way to win." END


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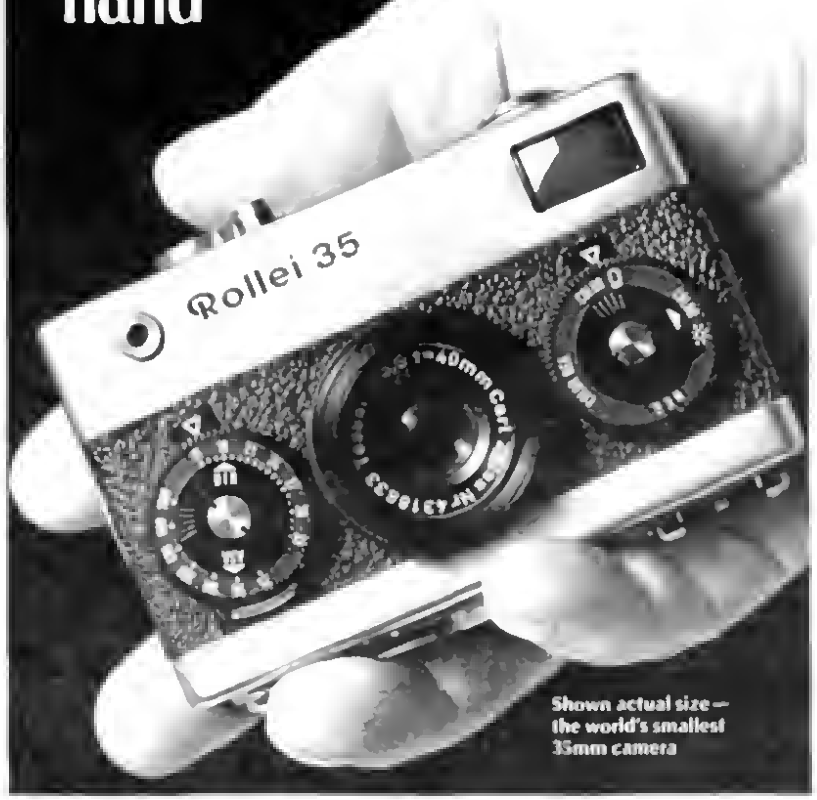


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# MAN BELIEVED SANE RUNS 105,000 MILES

**Bill Emmerton, a 49-year-old Australian who lives in Los Angeles, rarely stops running—unless a grizzly bear stands in his path or he passes out. Sometimes he even gets paid for it** ***by DAN LEVIN***

The scene on Route 46 near Cape Kennedy last July 15 was so odd that many who witnessed it still wonder if the 97° heat had boiled their brains. A car was parked on the shoulder, and two bare feet dangled from an open window, all 10 toenails blue and falling off. A woman stood beside the car, cooing love words and brushing the soles with a brown liquid that smelled like creosote. That done, she dusted both feet with talcum powder until they looked like some sort of exotic pastry. Finally she slipped a pair of track shoes on them. To curious motorists, on their way to witness the lift-off of Apollo 11, she chattered away about her husband who had run all the way from Houston, Texas. Since Houston is more than 1,000 miles from Cape Kennedy, a number of the motorists suggested that she get out of the sun, and drove on. But the feet did belong to a man, and at last he emerged from the car, his face twitching and drawn, and began running and stumbling down the steaming road. It was the 28th consecutive day that he would run 40 miles and he had, in fact, started in Houston. His name was Bill Emmerton, he was a 49-year-old professional distance runner from Australia, he was honoring the astronauts in his own fashion and he was very, very happy.

It was not the most difficult run of his career. He didn't even collapse, as he had on some runs, and compared to other occasions the weather was nearly tolerable. In 32 years of running Bill Emmerton has covered more than 105,000 miles. "I reckon I've put more physical strain on my frame than any man alive," he says, and who is there to dispute him? Running 35, 40 and 45 miles day after day after day overwhelms one's nervous system. On long runs, when Emmerton needs sleep most, he often lies awake twitching. If pleasures exist after the first day, they are subtle, perhaps perverse. "Yes, I'm suffering, I'm in pain," he has said, "but no one else can withstand it as I do."

In 1968 Emmerton announced that he was undertaking a 125-mile run through Death Valley. Run along with me, he said to America. No one accepted. Still, the idea fascinated him. Back in green Tasmania, where he was born, Coffin Peak, Deadman's Pass and Starvation Canyon all sounded like great places for a run. "A couple of chaps have died in Death Valley," he said, "but it's a real challenge to me. I might be killed, but people will sit up and take notice."

"He's got guts," said a spokesman for Death Valley National Monument, "but the valley demands more. Something will give, and it's a tossup whether it'll be his feet or his lungs."

"I'll get there, even if it's on my knees," said Emmerton.

It was 106° when the run began at Shoshone, Calif. Thirty miles out, a stinging, blinding sandstorm blew up, and Emmerton was lifted off his feet and bounced 15 feet along the road. He arose and continued, but a few miles later he inhaled sulfur fumes, his legs began wobbling and he collapsed. His wife Norma was following in a camper. "Dear God," she thought, "this is it." She soaked his clothes with cold water, massaged his legs and neck and bathed his temples. Three minutes later Emmerton was on his feet. He finished with the front cut out of one shoe to allow the free flow of blood. MAN BELIEVED SANE RUNS THROUGH DEATH VALLEY headlined the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*.

Four months later, convinced the run hadn't been tough enough, Emmerton did it again, this time lengthening the distance to 211 miles. Six weeks earlier a woman had died of sunstroke in Death Valley when her car broke down. On the first day of the run a thermometer laid on the road burst at 135°. "It was like running through hell," he recalls.

There could have been few better foundations for a career as a *very* long-distance runner than a boyhood in Australia's rugged island state of Tasmania, where Emmerton's heroes were the great distance cyclists and runners. "I knew what it was to suffer a little," he says, "to really work to get a feed. I always wanted to do something that demanded a lot of physical effort."

Emmerton began serious running at 17. "My mother expected me to die after each workout," he says. "I can still hear her yelling, 'You'll kill yourself with that blimey running.' At first, when I came in, I did look near death. I would fall through the back door and my parents would have to carry me to a chair."

Still, one of the last things Emmerton's father told him before he died was to keep at it. "In a way I've kept running for my dad's sake," he says. The day after the funeral Emmerton entered a 10-mile race and broke the record by 3½ minutes. "I felt so bad I didn't care if it killed me," he recalls.

Between torture sessions, Bill Emmerton has but one mission—to spread the gospel of physical fitness. Anyone who speaks with him for a while has his ear bent on the virtues of wheat germ, exercise, fresh fruit and the evils of smoking and sedentary living. A pet hate is the hippies he sees all over Los Angeles, where he has lived since his first Death Valley run. "I don't know what's going to happen to that sort of people," he says. "They're like sheep lost in a storm, wandering around, not knowing where to go, what to do." Then he really gets worked up, lighting into the Beatles, Maharishi, the Rolling Stones. "Their example has ruined many potentially fine athletes," he says, "kids who could be representing their country in the Olympics, but they're infatuated with those clowns going around the world wearing beads, throwing flowers, smoking pot, preaching free love. Maybe I can set a better example. When I was their age I was running 10 miles in 50 minutes. If I can run through Death Valley at 48 years of age in 125° heat, surely these younger people can get out of their idiotic way of living."

This evangelism is new. When Emmerton was younger, just running was enough. There were no crusades, although once in Australia he upbraided a reporter who called him a madman. "What's mad about me?" he raged. "If anyone is a madman you're one, not me. You're 36 years of age, you're grossly overweight and to my way of thinking you're a slob." Usually, though, he lived a one-track life. At 18 he would run four miles home from his factory

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**WORKING OUT** in West Hollywood, Emmerton whips past the intersection of Sunset and Horn.

job for lunch and gobble down a standing order of boiled carrots, rice, steak and custard while reading Bernarr Macfadden's latest opus. At 25, needing more time to train, he took a job with an insurance company. He was called the running insurance man. Each day he would run a 15-mile route to collect his premiums.

In 1952, needing more money, he accepted $1,000 to turn professional. "If your name was on the boards at 5 or 10 to 1, you might go out and plunk $100 on yourself," he says. "Besides, unlike a horse, I could tell my friends when I felt a good day coming." Once, in consecutive two-mile races, he put $1,000 on himself at 33 to 1. He lost the first race by two feet, the second by less than six inches.

Between 1953 and 1956 Emmerton won 40 titles over distances from one half to 60 miles and set new Australian records at 30 miles and in the marathon. But he wasn't making enough money, so he turned to broadcasting sports for Tasmanian radio stations.

Pictures of Bill Emmerton from those days, and even earlier, could almost have been taken today. His crow-black hair hasn't thinned and his 162 pounds are still distributed in the same way over his six-foot frame. There really isn't much that age can do to a face dominated by bones and angles or to a body that moves about 130 miles in an average week at speeds up to 10 mph.

In 1958 Emmerton ran 11 miles and 1,039 yards in one hour, then a professional world record. But Percy Cerutty, Herb Elliott's trainer, kept hounding him. "No one's a runner until he's covered 100 miles in 24 hours or less," he would say. Finally, in 1959, Emmerton ran, jogged and hobbled from Launceston to Hobart in Tasmania—100 miles in 20 hours and 41 minutes. Lesser distances no longer gratified him. He went 125 miles in 26 hours without sleep. "You start to doze a little around 3 or 4 a.m.," he told disbelieving reporters, "but you shake it off. You can close your eyes and keep moving along."

In 1962 he ran 168½ miles in 42½ hours, without sleep, although he rested for two hours. His route took him over Tasmania's highest plateau. It rained all the way up, turning to snow near the summit. "I'll never forget going up that mountain," he says. "My bones and legs and muscles were aching. It was freezing cold. People were taking bets that I couldn't do it in less than 48 hours. The men in the two official cars said it was too tough, that I'd better give up. Sometimes they seemed more worn out than I was, probably from taking pity on me."

A year later he ran two 158-milers in consecutive months, one in 36 hours, the other over Tasmania's Mountain of Death, Mt. Wellington, where two men once died of exposure during a marathon. Soon afterward Emmerton headed for England, stopping in Singapore on the way. While there, a well-dressed Chinese approached him after a workout. "Have you ever thought of running in China?" he asked.

"Sure," said Emmerton, without giving it much thought. He hesitated though when told the run would be 1,000 miles.

"You'll be paid well," the Chinese said, "a thousand dollars," and then, as if to offer further incentive, he added, "and you'll be meeting Chairman Mao."

"*Chairman Mao!*" Emmerton said. "I don't want to meet your bloody Chairman Mao!"

As Emmerton strode off, he could hear the Chinese protesting. "But Chairman Mao is a very famous long-distance swimmer."

But for Bill Emmerton, Singapore will always mean a different sort of intrigue, a flirtation with an attractive Canadian, then, a week later, a luncheon date in London. "I'll be back for afternoon tea," he said. "I have my training to do." Norma Arkles, on holiday from a teaching job in Malaysia, couldn't figure out the brash Australian. "He didn't know what my plans were," she says. "He just presumed everything." At best it was an unlikely match, of college classrooms and lonely roads, concert halls and locker rooms. Emmerton went to concerts for the first time in his life, and Norma started jogging. "I thought he was a madman," she confesses. "But then I became very interested in what he was doing. He believed it was right to keep fit and I admired that."

Marrying Norma worked wonders on Bill Emmerton. Piddling one-day, 100-mile runs would no longer do. Within a year of his wedding a brewery paid him $250 to practically kill himself running 500 miles across the Australian desert in 100° heat, wearing COOPER'S STOUT FOR STAMINA on his T shirt. Then, six months later, the International Wool Secretariat dressed him in wool shorts and paid his expenses to run the length of Britain (952 miles) from John o'Groat's, Scotland to Land's End. The run would take 18 days 10½ hours and, as Emmerton says, he was near death more than once. In Devonshire he ran with an umbrella to deflect sleet, hail and snow. Going across the moors at 3 a.m., he could hear the hounds howling from distant Dartmoor prison. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, he thought. When it got tough he would debate with himself. "God, what the hell am I doing? My feet are bleeding, my muscles are sore. I'd give anything to lie down on a soft bed, to have a good meal." Then, as he says, "I'd think of the thousands of miles I'd traveled and of all the training. 'Just 500 miles to go,' I'd say when I really got down. 'Just 400 miles to go.' After all, I'm the sort of bloke doesn't like to admit defeat." The town of Launceston was 80 miles from the finish, at the top of a hill, and Emmerton carried a scroll for the mayor, given him by the mayor of Launceston, Tasmania, his home town. He sprinted up the hill, met the mayor, began giving a speech to 4,000 people who'd gathered to meet him and passed out for five minutes. He recovered and ran the last 36 hours with only two hours' sleep. Norma had followed all the way in a jeep, ready to massage cramped legs, to wash 10 pairs of socks a day and to dispense her peculiar brand of encouragement. "I'm sufferin' with ya, honey," she would yell from the jeep, "but please go a little faster."

More pleasant, more adaptable women than Norma Emmerton would be too good for mortal men. How else could she be part of this story? "When I start thinking of it, I've got all kinds of grounds," she says, giving her husband. "But he was very honest before we got married. He said the main interest in our life would be running. 'Does it take all your time?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied." Their wedding morning was no different from any other. "I couldn't neglect my 10-mile run just because I was getting married," Emmerton says. "If you can get away with it the morning you're married, you can get away with it anytime, 'cause then they know you mean business."

Norma's relatives had been apprehensive. The facts seemed to indicate that

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Ambassador...The Mild Sensation

*Mellowed 8 years*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1969

the bridegroom was something of a wild man. Fifty of Norma's clan were at the Toronto airport to greet them on their first visit, lined up behind a glass wall like new fathers, peering curiously for some sort of creature with long legs. The plane finally unloaded and the man-beast jogged through the doorway and began doing laps around the luggage rack. "Stop it," Norma whispered nervously. "No running in here. They'll think you're crazy."

All the Canadians were very proud, though, when plans for the longest run in their country's history were announced—390 miles from Toronto to Montreal's Expo 67. As it turned out, they almost lost their hero. One morning Emmerton was doing a 10-mile training run on a lonely road in Banff. But let him tell it: "When you're belting along you're oblivious to everything. Suddenly, about two yards in front of me, this monster grizzly bear rears up on its hind legs. It looked about 10 feet tall, it did, and I just stood there afraid to move. I think my heart stopped beating. I turned around and ran as fast as I could. I don't know what happened to the bear. I never looked back for about a mile." Two days later Emmerton read in the paper that two people had been killed by a grizzly in Glacier Park, only about 250 miles away (SI, May 12 *et seq.*).

The worst moment, though, came near the end of the run, outside Montreal. A policeman told Emmerton he had only six miles to go and he stepped up his pace. Exhausted after about 5½ miles, he slowed down to find out that he had been misled. There were still 12 miles to go. The shock was too much. For the first time in his life his nerves went completely. He couldn't stop crying. Finally he recovered and ran on. The last 10 miles were on freeways, and though he was suffering, the police refused to allow any rests. They said it would be too dangerous. By the end of the run both of his big toenails had fallen off.

As in the British run, Norma was always nearby. "I don't miss decent clothes or hairdos," she says. "All that can wait. I'm like a pit boss who has to think quick to keep the machine in good shape."

Norma has recently earned a degree in Swedish massage, and at least twice a day she lovingly kneads her husband's toes, arches, calves, ankles and thighs with a concoction of olive and rubbing oils, vinegar and an analgesic.

"I feel like a green salad," says Emmerton.

"I can be hard about some things," says Norma, "but when it comes to a blister I just melt."

When she finishes a pre-workout massage, Emmerton lies dreamily on the table for about five minutes. Then he slips into his running togs and warmup suit. He swaths his middle, next to the skin, in brown wrapping paper, "to keep me from getting a cramp," he explains, "to keep the muscles warm."

In Los Angeles, Emmerton often works out at a college track near his apartment. Typically, he jogs the first quarter mile with a sliding, almost flat-footed gait, arms bobbing loosely up and down. Norma sits on the grass, watching. Suddenly she grabs her purse, and without a word, as if caught up in a dream, shuffles off around the track for two or three miles. Emmerton is moving powerfully now, at a five-minute-mile pace, a pleasure he can't afford on a very long run. He leans forward, looking as if he could run through a wall. He glides, like a cross-country skier on level ground.

Back in their apartment after a workout late last spring, the Emmertons sat with a map of Australia. He drew a line from Perth on the west coast, east and then southeast to Melbourne, a distance of 2,200 miles, much of it across the Nullarbor Plain, one of the bleakest, most inhospitable stretches of desert in the world. "I'm going to make this run next year," he said with a blissful look. "As far as physical effort is concerned, it will be equal to anything man has undertaken. A party of English people ran out of water there several years ago, and they found their bodies two weeks later." Norma could hardly contain her glee. "Ooh, what a ghastly place that Nullarbor Plain will be," she said.

The planning was sincere, but other thoughts soon intruded. Bill Emmerton was nearing 50, and perhaps running was no longer enough. Within a year he might return to Australia, possibly to open a boys' camp or to try sports announcing once again, and he spoke of fishing and camping, different pleasures—sweet, painless ones. "I want to have some fun in the time I have left," he said, and it was strange to hear him speak that way, for while the faces of friends had changed, their bodies grown heavy, Bill Emmerton had endured, almost as always. How would it be to slow down, he wondered, to be molded by inactivity and the passage of time? And what of pride? Wouldn't it keep him going? But pride, too, made him think of Norma. She had worked in a large book-distributing firm since their marriage, gladly, uncomplainingly, while he had contributed very little to the household. "Norma should be taken out to nice places," he said.

He didn't feel right. It appeared unlikely that he could ever make a living as a runner in the U.S. To be sure, he had earned $850 by wearing wool products and drinking fruit juices during the first Death Valley run, and another $900 or so for wearing Sungard lotion on the second run—one of the most convincing product endorsements of all time, he didn't even get pink.

But running wasn't paying off as he thought it should. And the attitude of others hurt more than he admitted. "When a guy starts out he works for peanuts," a representative of Sungard had remarked, "but he usually starts out at 19. Bill didn't get his break till he was 48. We didn't create his ability, but we did make him a marketable commodity."

He thought a great deal through the spring and early summer, and following the Houston-to-Cape Kennedy run he even rested for a few days. Running didn't seem so much fun anymore. Then, in the first part of August, he did a fast five miles and on the way home, suddenly responding to something deep within him, he bolted 300 yards up the steep hill to his apartment, happy as a kid on the last day of school. He startled a much younger man who had stopped walking halfway up to catch his breath. "If I tried to run even 50 feet like that I'd have a heart attack," the man told Norma, who was following. Emmerton was gleeful when he heard about it. He went 15 miles every day for the next week and was enthusiastic about the income he would get from a TV commercial he made for Oldsmobile. At dinner after one run, a friend posed a hypothetical question. "What would you do," he asked, "if a doctor ordered you to stop running or face possible death?" Bill Emmerton didn't hesitate. "Why I'd go out the next day and do my 10 miles," he said. "Can you think of a better way to die?" END

# Gone are sophomores who behave like sophs

**Coaches used to let young quarterbacks play the final minutes so they could fumble a few and gain experience, but today's rookies are as poised and seasoned as the veterans** **by PAT PUTNAM**

The 1969 season has begun where the 1968 season left off, with scores of games reaching for the moon. Stanford rolled up 63 points in one game, Ohio State 62 and Florida 59. Minnesota has 61 points in two games and has yet to win. When Miami's coach, Charlie Tate, added up his future opponents' scores after the first week, the figure came to 239—and one of them, Wake Forest, contributed none. "Everybody's unreal on offense," muttered Tate.

The most surprising aspect of the scoring binge is the contribution of sophomores, especially sophomore quarterbacks. Florida's John Reaves threw five touchdown passes the first week. USC's Jimmy Jones passed for two, while Steve Endicott of Oregon passed for three. All are sophomores. Pat Sullivan of Auburn ran for two and threw for one, Oklahoma's Jack Mildren passed for two and ran for one and Steve Judy of TCU threw for four. More sophomores. Suddenly there was a whole river of starting sophomore quarterbacks.

Last week it was more of the same. Reaves passed for three touchdowns. Jones coolly directed USC's offense to an overwhelming lead and passed for one touchdown. In Atlanta sophomore Charlie Dudish, who led Georgia Tech to an upset of SMU two weeks ago, did it again, throwing a scoring pass with 44 seconds to play as Tech defeated Baylor. Endicott ran for a score and passed for another, and Mildren scored on runs of 78 and 13 yards as Oklahoma routed Pittsburgh. Shades of General Neyland, what's happening?

"What has happened," says Auburn's Shug Jordan, "is that there is no such thing as a naive sophomore anymore. I grew up in Selma, Alabama. At the time you needed a mule and a wagon to get you through the mudholes on the road. We just didn't travel. When I came to Auburn as a freshman, I had seen a total of three college games—and I had seen more than most high school boys. The difference now is better transportation and television."

"It still takes time to train the people in the trenches," said Texas' Darrell Royal. "But the boys who do the scoring have learned a lot from TV by the time they get to college. The instant replay has been especially helpful—and so have the color commentators like Bud Wilkinson, Paul Christman and Pat Summerall. They really know the game and how to teach it. A lot of things they tell the youngsters watching television are the same things we tell our players."

UCLA's Tommy Prothro remembers a time, while he was coach at Vanderbilt, when he took one of his players to breakfast. The waitress asked the player how he would like his eggs. The player looked puzzled.

"I had to explain to him," said Prothro, "that they could be scrambled, boiled or fried sunny-side up, over easy or hard. He looked at me and said, 'My mother just cooked them on both sides.' It's a

SOPHOMORE REAVES' EIGHT SCORING PASSES HAVE MADE FLORIDA A WINNER

little different today. The young player just coming into college is more worldly. When I say worldly, I mean more aware. Today you can take a youngster out before 100,000 fans and it won't bother him a bit. With TV, there just isn't much he hasn't seen."

Television, yes, certainly, but much more has gone into the creation of today's sensational sophomore. For one thing, most have been playing football, specialized football, since grade school. Georgia Tech's Dudish, for example, has had professional coaching in junior leagues since he was 6. It's everywhere. Two years ago only 120 youngsters responded to a Little League Sunday football program in Bloomington, Ind. This year 350 kids turned out. In three years the junior football program in Atlanta has tripled. Jefferson County, just west of Denver, has a Little League football program with more than 1,600 participants from ages 8 to 14.

"And they are doing a lot more than just playing straight football," said Ray Coates, a former LSU halfback now the head coach at Jesuit High in New Orleans. "When I was in high school we'd go out to the field and throw and the receiver would run—straight out—and you'd throw to him. Today I go in my backyard with my son for pitch-and-catch. *He's* not running straight out. He's running square-outs, hooks, comebacks, flies. He's doing things I never even thought of in high school. And he's not even in high school yet."

"They start when they are little," said Bear Bryant, "playing pitch-and-catch because that's the easiest thing to do. Then they read all about that big money going to quarterbacks and receivers, and that's what they do—they keep on playing pitch-and-catch."

High school is the next step. "Go back to our generation," said John McKay of USC. "In high school there was one coach. He went from football to basketball to baseball and then maybe track. Now they've got a man for each sport with others helping out. You'll find a large number of high schools with six, seven, even eight football assistants.

"Each year the high school player becomes more skilled, more seasoned and more imbued with the little nuances of the game," McKay continued. "They've specialized through three or four years on offense or on defense. Last Saturday night my son's team threw 44 passes. You know they aren't going to throw that many passes unless they have someone to throw that well and someone to catch them."

"The young athletes we are getting today are better," said Frank Broyles of Arkansas, "because they've been platooned at the skilled positions all the way back through high school. Even in Arkansas the quarterbacks and wide receivers play as specialists in high school. By the time a quarterback is ready to play for us, he's already had six years or so of special training. Until recently, he played both ways in high school, his team never threw the ball and we never found out who could pass until we'd had a boy two or three years."

Arkansas' Bill Montgomery broke in as a sophomore a year ago. Was Broyles apprehensive? "Sure," he admits. "But not as much as I once would have been."

"The sophomore quarterback is playing now because that's what you bear down on in recruiting," said Shug Jordan. "When you get six or eight of the top ones out of high school, you've got the best athletes at those schools, generally. And when one emerges from that kind of a crowd, he's usually pretty outstanding."

"A Terry Hanratty, a Mike Phipps or a Rex Kern have so much natural talent that you can't deny them a starting role," said Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian, who started Hanratty as a sophomore in 1966. "There's no doubt at all that today's sophomores are better. They still make mistakes. But their skills override their errors."

"It's how good they can throw," said John Ralston of Stanford. "Not how old they are."

Or, as Charlie Tate put it. "My lands, these boys spend so much time watching Joe Namath on television, by the time they get to college they're whip smart. My three boys are playing junior ball. When I was little, we knew everybody's batting average in the big leagues. But now it's all football. I mean, they're so *sophisticated*."

# *FOOTBALL'S WEEK*

**by SANDY TREADWELL**

## MIDWEST

1. **OHIO STATE (1-0)**
2. **MISSOURI (2-0)**
3. **OKLAHOMA (2-0)**

While the will-success-spoil-Ohio State question was about to be answered in Columbus (*page 18*), Notre Dame pondered whether it could ever beat Purdue's Mike Phipps. "I think so," concluded Linebacker Bob Olson. "He's a fairly good runner and has a good arm, but he had Keyes in the past and good receivers." Defensive Tackle Mike McCoy remembered the Purdue game of 1967: "That year Purdue didn't treat us too well. Phipps killed us. It made him nationally known. But I don't want to say anything more until after the game. Then, if we win, I'll blow my mouth, but if we lose I'll keep quiet."

McCoy was quiet in the Notre Dame dressing room after Phipps had beaten the Irish 28–14 before the biggest sports crowd in Indiana history (always excepting the Indianapolis 500). The 68,000 in Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium, which is referred to in South Bend as the Snake Pit, watched the Boilermakers' All-American Band salute two graduates, Neil Armstrong and the late Gus Grissom, with a halftime show entitled "The Greatest Touchdown Ever." The crowd considered Phipps' first-quarter 37-yard pass to Halfback Randy Cooper a close second, since it gave Purdue a 7–0 lead. "The reason I threw to Cooper on that first touchdown was because we felt if we could hurt them once early they'd lay off. We knew they were wary coming in here and we wanted the momentum. It worked."

Phipps made first downs on critical third downs and long yardage in each of his four touchdown drives. "He's always had poise and great presence," Ara Parseghian said after the game. "He made the key play, the critical play—the third-down play." The quarterback, who by now is used to beating the Irish, was blasé while facing a crush of reporters. "It's nice to know I beat them three years in a row, but I imagine it will mean more to me some later year," he said.

Another quarterback, this one an unknown, was less casual during his postgame interview. California's Steve Curtis left the bench with the Golden Bears trailing Indiana 14–7 in the second quarter and pro-

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ceeded to fumble. "That shows how nervous I was," Curtis said. Then Curtis went on to lead the Bears to a 17–14 upset. He threw a game-winning 61-yard touchdown pass to substitute End Ken Adams, whose grandfather founded Grambling College. The real hero of the game was not Curtis but rather the California defense. After allowing two scores in the game's first eight minutes, it shut out the Gonso-Isenbarger-Butcher laughing boys. "Who says defense is dead?" hubbled Coach Ray Willsey. "It didn't look like it this afternoon."

Wisconsin football is becoming more enjoyable. The team's running backs have colorful nicknames—Greg (Grape Juice) Johnson and Alan (A-Train) Thompson—and they also have speed and power. Thanks to their ability to carry the football the Badgers scored 23 points against UCLA, Wisconsin's highest point total in 47 games. Just one problem: the Bruins scored 34, thanks to the arm of Quarterback Dennis Dummit, a JC transfer. Many Bruin followers consider him to be more talented than Gary Beban. Tommy Prothro is more cautious. "I couldn't rate someone who has played just three games with someone who played 30. But he is a good passer."

Jim Ettinger joked that he would gather his teammates around and celebrate Kansas' 13–0 win against Syracuse with a Saturday night poetry reading. The quarterback's poems, however, would have been inappropriate. "They deal with heartbreak and sorrow and are in the mood of Rod McKuen's songs." A Detroit publisher has printed two collections of his verse entitled *But What of the Lonely* and *Anxious Are the Young*. Coach Ben Schwartzwalder and the Orangemen had a lonely plane ride home after Kansas folk hero Emery Hicks—or Mr. Bad, as he is known in Lawrence—hit Syracuse Quarterback Rich Panczyszyn as he threw the ball. The pass was intercepted by John Mears, who, after a key block thrown by Hicks, rambled 56 yards for the final touchdown.

Missouri's Joe Moore is a local boy, having grown up in St. Louis. He had rebelled at Beaumont High School when he was shifted from defensive guard to fullback. After the Tigers took care of Illinois 37–6, the sophomore halfback said, "You can tell them I don't want to play guard anymore." Moore carried the ball 22 times for 191 yards and began the scoring with a 58-yard touchdown run.

Steve Owens wasn't expected to start against Pittsburgh, having suffered a bruised thigh in Oklahoma's opening game. He missed four days of practice. "On Friday night I kept saying to myself I could play," Owens said. "Before the game in warmups it felt bad, but on the first series of downs it felt better." All he was able to accomplish was 104 yards and three touchdowns as the Sooners beat Pitt 37–8.

Bill Yeoman wasn't talking honey after his Houston Cougars were upset again, this time by Oklahoma State—chosen before the season to finish last in the Big Eight—24–18. His targets were the officials and his quarterbacks. Houston was penalized a total of 132 yards, and the coach said, "I will be real interested in looking at the movies of this one." Quarterback Rusty Clark, despite a knee injury, found himself in the game. "I finally went to the cripple," Yeoman said. "He was the only one who was doing anything." State Quarterback Bob Cutburth also made mistakes (three interceptions), but during a four-minute segment of the second quarter he threw for two touchdowns and ran for another.

For the third straight week SMU was "upset." This latest came from Michigan State, 23–15.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (2-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (3-0)
3. ARMY (2-0)

Days before Princeton and Rutgers took the field to decide which of them would start football's second century with a victory, the cutesy stuff began. On Wednesday night 12 Princeton undergraduates removed the Little Cannon originally fired by George Washington's underdog team at the Battle of Princeton from its concrete base on the campus and buried it three feet away. They left a sign at the base reading, "Thanks Princeton, love Rutgers '72." Local Trenton papers documented the theft, and soon the story was picked up by the wire services. Rutgers students admitted to the prank, figuring one of their members must have done it. When the hoax was revealed, as one Tiger student put it, "Rutgers had egg all over its face." May he so.

But on Saturday afternoon Princeton was wearing the egg. Rutgers Quarterback Rich Policastro, following the game plan, called quick opening plays that sent Tailback Bruce Van Ness and Fullback Steve Ferrughelli through the eight-man defensive front for long gains. He also completed 24 passes, a school record, for 260 yards. "Policastro could play for just about any team in the country," Rutgers Coach John Bateman said. "I'm just happy he's playing for me." The final score, 29–0, was hardly an auspicious start for Princeton's first non-single-wing offense since 1945. After the game a reporter smiled. "Today," he said, "Princeton set football back 100 years."

Both West Virginia and Penn State had troubles at the start. The Mountaineers trailed Tulane 17–14 at the half before winning 35–17, their third straight victory. At Penn State Charlie Pittman, the Lions' star running back, was injured on the opening kickoff against Colorado. "That first quarter had me scared, especially after Pittman got hurt," said Pennsylvania Governor Raymond P. Shafer. The sight of Penn State's leading ground-gainer and scorer limping in front of the bench with his right ankle wrapped in ice made defensive captains Mike Reid and Steve Smear realize that winning might depend on them. "Bob Anderson [Colorado's talented quarterback] is all mine now," vowed Reid. Smear agreed, "If you don't get him I will."

Anderson, the nation's top rushing quarterback the past two years, gained only four yards in 17 carries, completed just eight passes, threw three interceptions and fumbled once. He also received a cut on his forehead and a bruise on his face. "I've never had a day like this before," Anderson lamented. "How do I like playing against Penn State? It's pretty discouraging."

It took State's offense one quarter to adjust to life without Pittman. With Fullback Don Abbey and two sophomores, Franco Harris and Lydell Mitchell, running the football, and Mike Reitz kicking it 32 yards for a field goal, the Lions scored 17 points in the second period. Another Reitz kick and a 91-yard scoring kickoff return by Paul Johnson wrapped up the 27–3 victory.

The real action at Harvard centered on Lowell Lecture Hall, where the SDS held its regional conference and debated such topics as student-worker alliances and Vietnam moratoriums. That other game—the one they sold tickets to—drew baffled responses—"What game, man?"—from SDS members. The Crimson, the Ivy League favorite, took itself quite seriously, however, sweeping past Holy Cross 13–0. The opening victory ran Harvard's unbeaten streak to 10 games.

## SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (2-0)
2. ALABAMA (2-0)
3. TENNESSEE (2-0)

When the referee's pistol made it official—Kentucky had defeated eighth-ranked Mississippi 10–9—John Ray clutched the game ball saying, "What was it? Ten-nine? I can't even remember. I guess I'm a little excited." The win ended the Wildcats' nine-game SEC losing streak. "Remember that story

*continued*

Photographed at the Canyon Country Club, Palm Springs, Cal.

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in a Mississippi paper which predicted that John Vaught would welcome us to the SEC with a crash when we played the Rebels?" Ray asked. "Who was that columnist?" The Wildcats were behind 9–0 late in the first half when Bobby Jones kicked a 36-yard field goal. In the third quarter Bernie Scruggs, starting his first varsity game, took Kentucky 63 yards in 11 plays before scoring himself from the six. The lead was protected during the final quarter by good fortune and even better punting. Archie Manning drove Ole Miss down to the three where Tailback Leon Felts fumbled and Kentucky recovered. Dave Hardt punted from his end zone three plays later, and Kentucky recovered the dropped fair catch. Forced to punt again with two minutes left, Hardt kicked the ball out of bounds at the Rebels' five.

"Sure, you have to have a little luck in this game," Ray said. "Last week I think we had all the bad luck a team can have for a season [SI, Sept. 29]. But we still felt we could win, that we could beat Ole Miss. They know they can do it now. Now we'll go."

When Florida State journeyed down to Miami to play the Hurricanes, the odds were definitely not in its favor. After all, the game would be played on Friday night in the Orange Bowl, and only two teams in three years have managed to emerge from that combination with a victory. But Seminole Quarterback Bill Cappleman, for one, enjoys a long shot. With five minutes left to play and Miami leading 14–13, he had a fourth and six at Miami's 47-yard line. Cappleman disdained the punt and went for it. "We put a rush on him that you wouldn't believe," Miami Coach Charlie Tate said later. "He never shook." Cappleman threw a 10-yard pass to End Ted Zaffran, and Grant Guthrie kicked the winning field goal moments later.

Alabama joined in the current scoring fad at the expense of Southern Mississippi. The Tide scored each of the first eight times it had the ball. In the end, Bear Bryant's team had to settle for a 63–14 final score. All of which goes to show that when Baby Bear—P. W. (Bear) Underwood, the Southerners' new head coach—challenges Papa Bear in Tuscaloosa, the result is a pretty good clawing.

Twenty-eight years ago, when Clemson placed a football stadium between two hills on campus, Frank Howard named it Death Valley. Howard is still coaching the Tigers, and on most Saturday afternoons the nickname still fits. But when Georgia arrived in the valley, it was Clemson that did the dying. Nothing, not even a 30-0 loss, dampens Howard's spirit. "We were just snakebit," he said. "It was one of those games where you look up and see the points on the scoreboard, pinch yourself and wonder where they came from."

Army needed only a cheering section of 200 cadets and a borrowed GI band to make the most noise at Nashville's Dudley Field. The Commodore enthusiasts were quiet after Vanderbilt missed a 27-yard field-goal attempt and then fumbled the next time it had the ball. Army's backs, notably Lynn Moore, ran the heart of the line for yardage, and its defense, which gave up only 56 yards in the first half, contributed to a 16–6 victory.

Tennessee avenged its only loss last season by knocking off Auburn 45–19, while on Saturday night surprising Florida placed itself in contention for the SEC title by beating Mississippi State 47–35 on the passing of John Reaves.

South Carolina is the expected winner in the more predictable Atlantic Coast Conference race, but the Gamecocks were given a run by North Carolina before winning 14–6. The high-flying Yellow Jackets of Georgia Tech, refusing to believe preseason predictions, placed the sting on Baylor, 17–10, for their second victory.

## SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. ARKANSAS (2-0)
3. TEXAS TECH (1-1)

"Everybody in Austin was a punter after our first game," said Scooter Monzingo of the Texas Longhorns. "Nearly everyone I saw last week had some suggestions for me." Monzingo, a senior from Del Rio, averaged just 31.8 yards on six punts against California. But against Texas Tech he increased his average by 11 yards and gave the ball to the Red Raiders on their nine- (twice), 13- and 12-yard lines. The tip that made the difference came from Assistant Coach Willie Zapalac. "I had been holding the front end of the ball up a little too high," Monzingo said. "This week I held it down more and got under it."

Of course, the further education of the punter's toe was not the sole reason for Texas' 49–7 win, its first against Tech in three years. There was the consistent ground power of Fullback Steve Worster and Tailback Ted Koy, plus a brilliant 53-yard punt return by Cotton Speyrer, the split end. James Street completed only three passes for 29 yards, "because I was throwing behind the receivers," but the defense more than compensated for the absence of a passing attack. The Longhorns converted three pass interceptions and a fumble recovery into touchdowns.

*continued*



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Arkansas won a yawner over Tulsa, 55-0, but one of the 77 passes thrown during the afternoon had the fans wide awake and cheering. After Placekicker Bill McClard's conversion—one of a hunch a young boy caught the ball on the cinder track surrounding the field. Without hesitation, he turned and hurled it over the scoreboard to an accomplice, who caught the ball on the run, did a nifty zig-in between some parked cars and was gone.

Coach Frank Broyles of Arkansas was naturally pleased with his team's effort. "Our defense again made it easy for the offense," he said. Indeed, the Razorback defense hasn't been scored on in 14 quarters. Arkansas concludes its season against Texas on Dec. 6 and that's the big game that the fans and the coach are pointing to. When ABC rescheduled the game last March, Barbara Broyles told her husband it was a mistake. "You'll never be able to stand the wait," she said.

After LSU inflicted a 42-0 loss on Rice in Houston, the LSU cheering section began a "We're No. 1" chant. Coach Charlie McClendon toned down that analysis, saying, "Our fans get carried away sometimes. Is this the best LSU club I've ever had? Lordy no, I wouldn't say that. We've just won two games. When you label a team good, I want it to be good. I mean real good."

Everyone knew that the Tigers would be able to throw this year, but LSU also proved it was able to run with the ball. A total of 13 Tigers carried the ball 66 times for 272 yards. McClendon has solved another old problem, injury to his top quarterback. "I've had my starter injured in five of the last seven years. When you've got just one, what do you do? That's why we're bringing three along. We don't want to get hurt there again."

## WEST

1. USC (2-0)
2. STANFORD (2-0)
3. UCLA (3-0)

The opening kickoff was returned to Southern Cal's 27-yard line. Jimmy Jones, the Trojan quarterback, trotted into the huddle, dropped to one knee and quietly called "Twenty-eight Pitch right. On two." Jones took the snap, pitched to Tailback Clarence Davis and then swept right to assist in the blocking. Just 16 seconds after the USC-Northwestern game began, Davis was 73 yards downfield into the Wildcat end zone. "I knew I was gone just as soon as I turned the corner," Davis said.

Davis has done a lot of traveling around the country. He was born in Birmingham, spent five years on Boston Post Road in the Bronx where his sports were stickball and handball, was city shotput champion at Washington High in Los Angeles and at East Los Angeles JC broke O. J. Simpson's junior-college rushing record. "The touchdown was the thrill of my life," Davis said. "I'd always wanted to play in the Coliseum, and then to have this happen on the first play." In 21 carries he gained 164 yards.

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE BACK:** Although lamed by a bruised thigh, Oklahoma's Steve Owens ground out 104 yards and three touchdowns, the 11th straight time he has gained more than 100 yards in a game and the 40th TD of his career.

**THE LINEMAN:** Mike Reid, Penn State tackle had five unassisted tackles and seven probables in State's 27-3 win over Colorado. Reid shook off effects of a painful Charley horse and forced two punts that led to State scores.

as USC defeated Northwestern 48-6. After that, Wildcat Coach Alex Agase began calling him O. J. Davis.

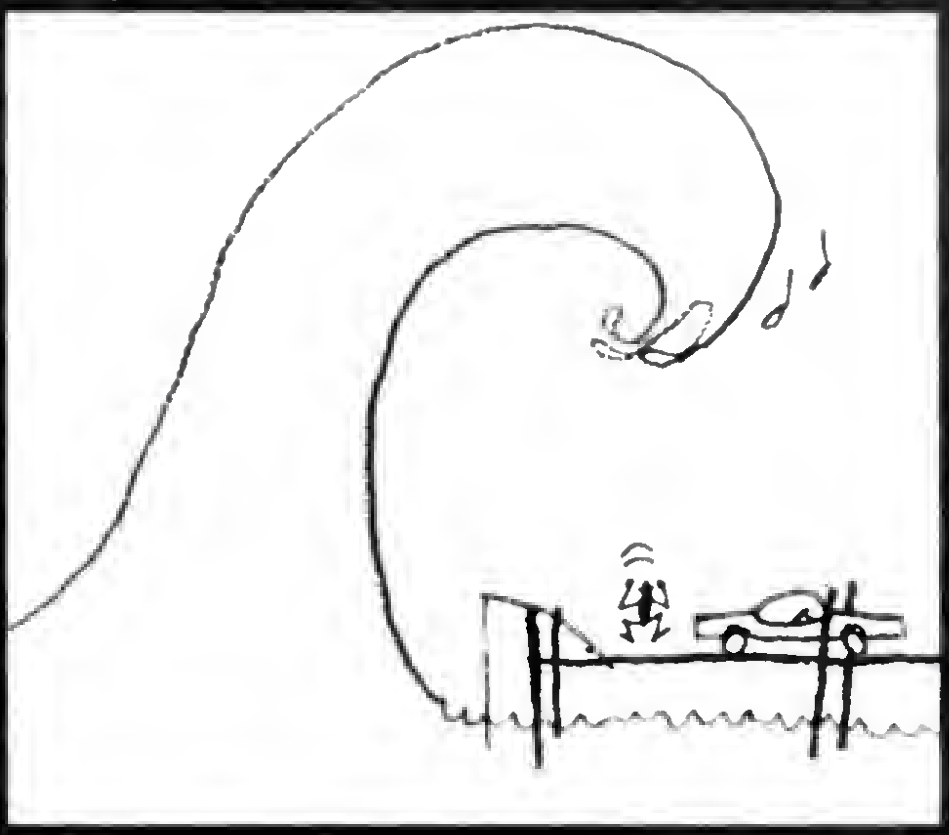
"We beat a great football team," the Great Pumpkin said after his Oregon State Beavers upset Arizona State 30-7. Dee Andros' defense kept constant pressure on Sun Devil Quarterbacks Joe Spagnola and Grady Hurst. But Art Malone is too talented to be contained by most of the nation's tacklers, and he gained 119 yards on 28 carries. Oregon State's sophomore Quarterback Steve Endicott completed just five passes, but he made good use of Halfback Bryce Huddleston (99 yards in 14 carries) and a handful of other running backs.

Although Stanford's offense claims most attention, it was the inexperienced defensive line that received praise after the Indians defeated Oregon 28-0. "Our defense is rapidly coming of age," said Coach John Ralston. The eldest was Linebacker Don Parish, who made 17 tackles. Despite the size of the score, Ralston was less encouraged by the offense, particularly Quarterback Jim Plunkett. He threw two touchdown passes but also had three throws intercepted. "Jim seemed nervous. He had an off day."

Kansas State's Lynn Dickey had a more relaxing day. All he had to do was hand off to his three backs, each of whom scored twice. The Wildcats, who weren't expected to win much this season, rolled for the second week in a row, beating Arizona 42-27.

Air Force, having upset SMU and threatened Missouri, was surprised by Wyoming 27-25. And Idaho State's 47-42 victory was its first ever against Idaho. **END**

# Fine time for a car wash, eh, Mr. Heyman!



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# PEOPLE

◆ "**Miss Taylor** does not actually play golf," said a studio spokesman of the shot of Elizabeth, in full 16th century costume, hacking away at a golf ball on the set of *Anne of a Thousand Days*. "Just a publicity picture, really." Some people will do anything to make a name for themselves.

MAGNIFICENT, the cable read, PLUS ULTRA FORMIDABLE PEDALING PROGRESSION. OPPY. Australia's **Sir Hubert Opperman**, now High Commissioner in Malta, thus applauded countryman **Vic Browne** for having broken the world 24-hour unpaced cycling record, which he himself had held for 20 years. Sir Hubert's distance was 506 miles, 396 yards. Browne did 524 miles, 639 yards. Sir Hubert could acknowledge the new record with genuine enthusiasm, because not only is Browne a fellow Australian, he is the grandson of Opperman's trainer and his run was made over the same route Sir Hubert took in 1939. When Browne first gave it a try in 1967 he asked Opperman's advice. Sir Hubert counseled him as to choice of gears, food (solid food for the first 16 hours, "after that it's like ashes in the mouth so switch to liquids") and suggested he avoid self-pity during the inevitable periods of physical depression. Evidently, this time Browne, a 27-year-old plumber, followed the advice, though when it was all over he did let down and admit, "It was a nightmare. I'm doubtful I could have gone farther. I feel like a dehydrated cow."

◆

◆

**Joe Namath** is back in the bar business, this time in Boston. A recent ad in the *Boston Globe* announced, "Bachelors III has openings for cocktail waitresses. . . must be attractive with good figures. . . bring a bathing suit." It would seem that Namath's new club isn't going to get its waitresses through Namath's (and **Mickey Mantle**'s) new employment agency, since the latter organization mailed a frosty reply to a club manager requesting topless go-go dancers. "The theatrical division has not yet been activated," said Mantle Men and Namath Girls, Inc., "but we will be happy to advise you as soon as it is."

In 1929, when he was 12, **Douglas Heck** swam the Bosporus and became the youngest American to have done so. Thirty-eight years later Heck, now the U.S. consul general at Istanbul and still a strong swimmer, swam the strait again, to become, almost certainly, the youngest *and* the oldest American to have made it. Presumably Heck swam the Bosporus for the second time because upon returning to Istanbul he noticed that it was still there.

Israel's **Golda Meir** keeps up no mean pace for the age of 71, but her friends are at a loss to account in any conventional way for the prime minister's fitness. She chain-smokes three or more packs of cigarettes a day, drinks gallons of coffee and "likes to listen to classical music and gab with cronies"—none of which is a real body-builder. However, her personal aide, Lou Kadar, does say that Mrs. Meir "doesn't mind climbing up stairs."

■ Mark Traynor, a New York beauty consultant, is already a big name in body painting and facial jewelry. Now he has created two new hairstyles—the **Hawk** and the **Pepitone**. "Just like the originals," he explains, "only a little shorter, because they're for girls."

At the National Governors' Conference in Colorado Springs, Colo., Arkansas **Governor Winthrop Rockefeller** just happened to remark that he had owned 14 private planes, which led **Governor Lester Maddox** of Georgia to confide that all he had was a bicycle. Later, after the Southern Governors' Conference in Williamsburg, Va., Rockefeller presented Maddox with a bicycle! Shortly after that, **Governor Nelson Rockefeller** did his brother one better—he gave Maddox a motorbike! Somebody ought to remind the Rockefeller boys that a bike was what Maddox told them he had in the first place.

Eight University of Houston students recently marched into the office of President **Philip G. Hoffman** to demand that the school's new field house be named for **Elvin Hayes**, but they shortly marched back out again to report meekly, "He taught us the facts of fund-raising life." Hoffman had made it clear that the building would be named the [**Judge Roy M.**] **Hofheinz** Pavilion, because without $1.5 million from the Hofheinz Foundation the $6 million structure couldn't be completed. In other words, without the Establishment, no establishment.

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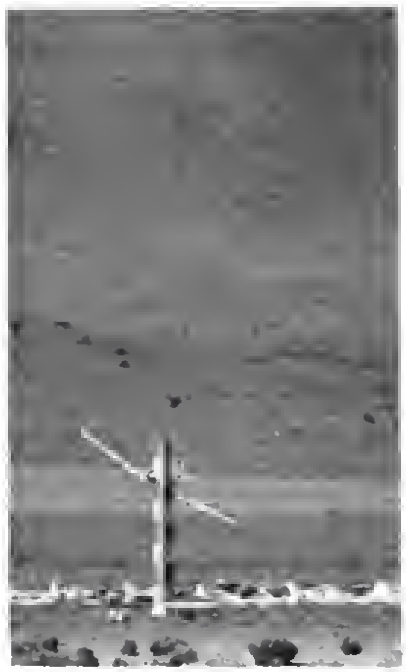

# *Suburbia's Angels cool it in the run for pylons*

**In Reno's national air races the spiritual heirs of yesterday's goggled romantics turned out to be psychiatrists, dentists and engineers**

Were there really once such days? When wings aloft were made for walking and barns were really stormed . . . when real Hell's Angels flew airplanes at corn-tassel level across farm fields, laughing as the milk soured in the dairy herds and enraged Farmer Browns reached up with pitchforks in ludicrous attempts to bring them down? Well, yes, of course. But the magnificent flying squirrels of that day are now dead or old, and who has come to replace them? If the 1969 national air races at Reno the other day were any measure, the swashbuckle of yore has given way to the burnished cool of suburbia, territory where grinning daredevils in mauve goggles once reigned alone now stands occupied by Establishment men. Indeed, your dentist may be one.

The meet was held at a desolate World War II air base in the sagebrush flats beyond town. Amazingly, a large crowd of people—53,399—turned up out there over the six days of public flying. On the final day a crew of unflappable FAA controllers climbed into the base's abandoned tower and, with portable radio equipment and hand-held signal lights, masterfully handled a torrential flow of private pilots coming in to see the races. Five hundred planes in 2½ hours dropped in on the old air base—a rate that is double the average of traffic handled at Los Angeles International Airport. There were another 1,400 planes at Reno Municipal Airport.

The planes actually entered in the competition were a lovely lot of machinery, with engines tuned to perfection and surfaces brilliantly painted and affectionately shined to a blinding gloss. There were 80 entrants parked in two sparkling ranks perhaps half a mile long: cutesy little midget Formula 1 racers, jaunty sports biplanes, noble old AT-6 SNJ fighter-trainers from World War II and—remember Rosie the Riveter and the war-bond rally?—10 P-51 Mustangs and four Grumman F8F Bearcats. These last were 400-mph aircraft entered in the glamour class of the races—the Unlimiteds.

No jets could compete, so the ramps rang with anachronistic cries of *Contact!* and, yes, as planes wheeled out to the runway, propellers spinning in the quaint, transparent circles of not so long ago, there was a constant flicker of thumbs up from the cockpits. Surely these must be the spiritual grandsons of Max Immelmann, he of the Turn, and Lincoln Beachey, the first man to fly inside a building. For it is clear that air racing is dangerous. It involves flying at great speeds at terrifyingly low altitudes (26 feet is the legal minimum) around and around an oval course (3.5 or 8.5 miles, depending on the class) marked by 50-foot-high pylons that must be cut as closely as possible on all turns to avoid losing distance. So who are the daredevils of 1969?

DARRYL GREENAMYER BROKE A RECORD

Well, there is this graying fellow from Florida, who is wearing a blue golf visor. And sneakers. His name is Edwin H. Snyder, and he is an electrical contractor who paid $3,000 last year for the AT-6 he is flying. His wife, Jere, shoots home movies with a Kodak Instamatic when Ed flies, and they ask their friends over to watch whenever they get home. (There will be 12 rolls from Reno alone.) Jere said the only objection she has to Ed's flying is that he likes to stop at the airport and fly the AT-6 for half an hour or so instead of coming straight home from work. "I'm just hooked on it, I guess," says Snyder.

And here is another graying fellow, lanky and handsome, with the sun-squint marks of a habitual flier at his eyes. Also wearing sneakers. He is Richard Gregory, a very pleasant man from Phoenix, Ariz., and he too has an AT-6. "There have been dozens of articles written about the sex symbolism of flying,"

**PISTON RACERS** wheel around a pylon at Reno, where jets were banned and the clock—but not the crowd—was turned back to 1945.

he said, "and perhaps that is one of the reasons some of us like to race airplanes. You know—the phallic symbol of the long nose penetrating the sky and all that power at the pilot's command. But no man can generalize about the motivations behind airplane racing." Yes, well. Richard Gregory, airplane racer, is a psychiatrist in real life.

Such is Barnstorm Land '69, populated with realtors and attorneys and dentists and farmers and many airline captains. Except for the occasional roar of engines, the atmosphere of air racing at Reno was one of suburban serenity. Even the spectators seemed sensible and gentle, expressing placid appreciation as they strolled among the planes and pilots, speaking respectfully of air scoops and ailerons and streamlined cockpit canopies as if they were strolling an art gallery instead of an airstrip packed with engines of violent speed. Here and there a pilot and his family could be seen lounging on lawn chairs or blankets, enjoying a cold-chicken picnic from wicker baskets beneath the wing of a doughty little P-51.

Once upon a time air racing in the U.S. was a swinging, even a heroic sport, with the likes of Glenn Curtiss and Jim Doolittle and Speed Holman and Tex Rankin and Tony LeVier at the controls. Before World War II air races were helpful in testing new aerodynamic and power-plant improvements. The postwar years found aircraft companies doing research that was light-years beyond racing's poor power to help, and the all-important corporate sponsorship of planes disappeared.

A stunning 1949 crash in Cleveland, in which Pilot Bill Odom rocketed into a house, killing himself, a young mother and her baby, almost wrote the sport's obituary. But in 1964 a Reno cattle millionaire named Bill Stead (who was also a hydroplane champion) decided that he just had to see an airplane race, so he promoted the project himself and asked the Reno Chamber of Commerce to sponsor it.

For years Reno has had its nose squashed against the glass, watching the dazzle of the high rollers' paradise to the south, and for years it has tried to whomp up a big-time promotional scheme that would give it some of the Las Vegas gloss. To a town as desperate for promotional gimmicks as Reno, the idea of reviving the air races in 1964 seemed pretty slick and, if nothing else, might bring a few people into the casinos to lose money during the traditional post-Labor Day doldrums.

While Reno itself remains a henna-rinse Las Vegas its uncrowded skies are fine for aircraft, and its affair with flying has been a fairly pleasant partnership. Though Stead died recently in a plane crash, the event has prospered, and the sport is in a state of renascence.

For some time now its brightest ornament has been a stubby, white, hopped-up Bearcat called *Conquest I* and flown by one of the hottest pilots in the world—a jockey-sized fellow named Darryl Greenamyer. Darryl is a test pilot for Lockheed and has recently been flying the SR-71, a machine designed to cruise at mach 3. He has flown 600 hours at mach 2 speeds, 200 hours at mach 3. As for his capabilities in prop-driven craft, it was Greenamyer, age 33, and his *Conquest I*, age 25, that streaked across Edwards Air Force Base in California on Aug. 16 at 477.98 mph. That shattered a world speed record for prop planes—a record held since 1939 by a German Messerschmitt. Becomingly candid, Greenamyer says, "This plane has dominated racing for the last few years. If we get off the ground and the wheels come up, we don't lose. Of course, we *built* this specifically as a racing craft. Most others in the Unlimiteds are flying planes for sport. It really isn't very fair, I suppose."

Really, it isn't. Before this year's race, Greenamyer announced that it was the last for *Conquest I*, then climbed into the tiny cockpit and rolled the old fighter out onto the ramp. At the end of the first lap (8.5 miles around), Greenamyer led the runner-up by half a mile. At the sixth lap, he was five miles ahead, at the ninth, 7.5, and when he flashed past the checked flag after the 12th and last circuit, he had lapped the entire field and won by an astonishing nine miles, setting a record of 412.631 mph. After Greenamyer taxied up to a relatively docile crowd, his crew of mechanics poured champagne all over him and all over old *Conquest I*. They shouted, they whistled, they clicked their heels in the air. Nothing suburban about *their* exuberance.

Ah, perhaps here one could revive the flamboyance of the old days. The grease monkeys . . . guys born with a wrench between their teeth and an oil smear on their cheeks . . . guys made of strut wire and propeller metal. Here was Ray Poe, *Conquest I*'s crew chief, and what did this simple mechanic think of Greenamyer's racing feat? "Man is a hunter by nature. Man's world is now the machine. The best machine makes the best hunter, and we had the best machine today." Thus spake the grease monkey a Lockheed research flight engineer in real life. **END**

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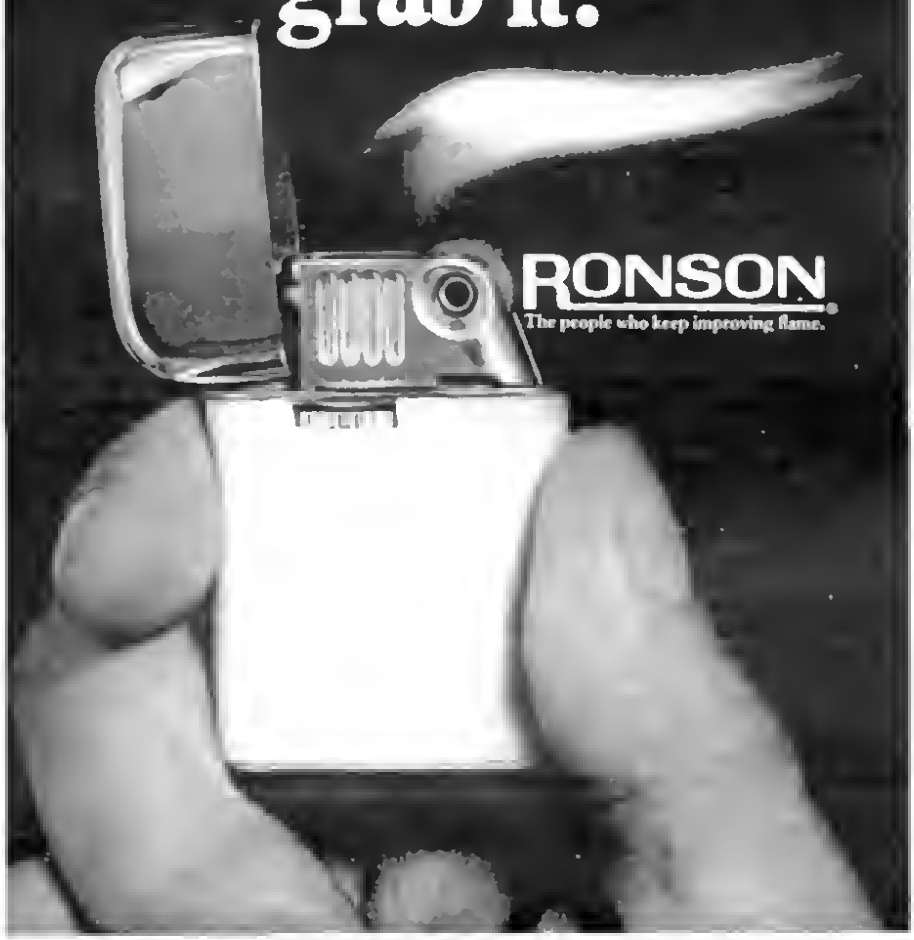




# Chalk one up for youth

It's so easy to start a bridge argument that I hardly need to give advice on that subject, but if you're in complete agreement with the players in your group about bidding systems which, admittedly, seems highly improbable—you can always stir up some excitement by a discussion of the relative merits of youthful stamina and veteran judgment in tournament play. Leaving aside consideration of the Italian Blue Team members, who are something else again, you might make a good case for youth by citing Patrick Huang, star of the Chinese team that finished second to Italy in this year's World Championship in Rio. Huang is only 26, but he is a veteran of more than 10 years of international competition, having played in the Far East Championship when he was only 15.

Still, Huang was far from the youngest player at Rio. Indeed there were three younger players on Brazil's team of South American champions. They finished fifth and last, but not without throwing a last-minute scare into the fourth-place French. And their youngest

*Both sides vulnerable*
*North dealer*

NORTH
♠ 10 7 3
♥ 10 5 3 2
♦ 2
♣ Q 8 5 4 2

WEST
♠ Q 6 2
♥ J 4
♦ A J 10 9 6 5 4
♣ 9

EAST
♠ 8 4
♥ A 9 8 7 6
♦ K Q 8 7 3
♣ K

SOUTH
♠ A K J 9 5
♥ K Q
♦
♣ A J 10 7 6 3

| NORTH (*Coutinho*) | EAST (*Boulenger*) | SOUTH (*Mello*) | WEST (*Svar*) |
|---|---|---|---|
| PASS | 1 ♥ | 2 N T | 3 ♦ |
| PASS | 4 ♦ | 4 ♠ | 5 ♦ |
| 5 ♠ | PASS | PASS | DOUBLE |
| PASS | PASS | PASS | |

*Opening lead jack of hearts*

player, Roberto Figueira Mello, an 18-year-old engineering student at Guanabara State University, did not appear the slightest bit abashed either by the company he was keeping or the fact that his youth was setting a Bermuda Bowl precedent. For a sample of his coolth, here's a deal in which he and his partner, Decio Coutinho, the oldest Brazilian at 47, were pitted against the top French stars, Henri Svare and Jean-Michel Boulenger.

South's two no-trump overcall was a conventional bid in the Roman System, which is as natural to Brazilians as standard American is to players in this country. This particular bid showed a two-suiter in the black suits. The French proceeded to find what would have been a reasonably profitable save against four spades, but Coutinho went on to five spades because his hand was defensively hopeless and because his length in clubs would nullify much of partner's defensive strength. It was obvious that Coutinho thought he was taking a save, and it was therefore natural for Svare to double on the strength of his trump trick.

After winning the first trick with the ace of hearts, Boulenger shifted to the king of diamonds. Declarer ruffed and promptly led the jack of spades! Svare agonized but, fearing that his partner held the one king or ace, he played low, and the jack held the trick. Mello then cashed the ace and king, dropped the blank king of clubs by cashing his ace and wound up making a doubled overtrick. The Brazilian audience went wild at the success of their young hero's apparently impudent coup, and it did seem that Svare had fallen into a brilliant trap.

The fact is, however, that declarer's play was his best bet to escape disaster if the black suits were not favorably divided, which was a distinct possibility. Mello wanted to leave at least one trump in dummy to take care of a second round of diamonds. He also wanted to establish dummy's 10 of spades as an entry, reserving a possible finesse for the king of clubs if that play appeared essential. True, Mello's contract could not be made if one opposing player held four trumps to the queen and the clubs were divided 2-0. But in that case the opponents could have made five diamonds, and South's objective was to avoid being set more than the value of the opponents' vulnerable game. END

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY · NASHVILLE TENNESSEE · A DIVISION OF GENESCO

# *Here comes a hobby that can drive you crazy*

Everyone knows that Americans are incurable collectors of things. Bottle caps, marbles and old baseball bubble-gum trading cards have always been fine in their fashion, but recently a newer old hobby has been moving up. Many enthusiasts are turning to sports stamps, a game that any number can play.

One reason the challenge is so satisfying today is that it goes on and on. The first sports stamps were a series of 12 issued by Greece in 1896 to publicize and finance the revival of the Olympic Games. The stamps helped pay for the construction of the stadium (roughly $200,000 in those days) and 1896 was the only year in which the Games did not end in some kind of financial confusion. The stamps—like the one shown at the bottom of the opposite page—depicted the sports and mythology of ancient Greece.

It was not until the 1930s that stamp designs began to appear in the more vigorous style shown on these pages, and sports philately became a new fashion. In topical collections—those that are centered around a single subject—sports stamps are now in the top 10.

Actually, stamp hobbyists say that it is hard for a collector to keep up with the supply. In fact, Ira Seebacher, of Roslyn, N.Y., a former baseball writer who has one of the most complete collections in existence, complains that it never *will* be complete. Seebacher says there are at least 6,000 sports stamps already on the market, and a dozen or so new ones appear each week. The catalog of Olympic stamps alone, starting with the series of 12 dignified commemoratives, runs to 336 pages.

**A SAMPLING OF STAMPS** that rate with today's philatelists includes bobsledding, discus throwing, gymnastics and a variety of sports activities, but the most valuable in any collection is the sepia number (*right*) which shows the Acropolis and Parthenon at Athens, issued to mark the 1896 revival of the Olympics. It now brings $275 on the sports stamp market.

**Proving that no collector is happy without a challenge, a new version of an oldtime sedentary game is catching on**

It was a long time before the world's postal authorities followed the lead provided by Greece, but when the trend got going, it ran wild. As designs became more dramatic and colorful, some countries (emerging African nations, destitute South American dictatorships, midget European principalities) began to make ends meet by constantly issuing new stamps—any kind of stamp, often very poorly printed, and even more often showing some sport alien to the country.

The London Games of 1948 saw the beginning of thousands of issues aimed at the sports philatelist by countries otherwise not noticeably involved in the Olympics—Peru, South Korea and Monaco, for example. Austria's modest set of seven stamps commemorating the Ninth Winter Games at Innsbruck five years ago was supplemented by sheets and sheets of stamps from such unlikely places as Burundi and Bhutan.

World Cup issues add to the mounting heap. Whether a country wins or loses, reaches the last 16 or even plays soccer at all, is incidental. Paraguay, Albania and the Arab oil states all celebrate the World Cup every four years as a matter of course. In May 1962, Mongolia honored the game with an issue printed in Budapest in English, thus making the best of both worlds.

In the face of all this the U.S. Government has kept its cool. So far the 1932 Winter and Summer Olympics, the Pan-American Games, basketball, baseball, football, the American Turners and Ducks Unlimited have had their stamps. It's a beginning.

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**Left:** Contrast color, zipper front, 100% nylon shell jacket. Two contrast color, side nylon zipper pockets. Cord draw string bottom. Contrast color concealed nylon zipper hood.

**Right:** Zipper jacket, double panel front, two side pockets, button tab sides, stand up collar. Open placket cuffs. Wamsutta poplin. 50% Fortrel® polyester, 50% combed cotton.

**Note to golf widows:** Both machine washable.

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# Three could have stayed home

**Arts and Letters is running out of opposition, even among the older horses. He probably didn't need the Woodward's weight-for-age edge**

If anyone was still in doubt about the identity of 1969's Horse of the Year all he had to do was join the crowd of 42,348 at Belmont Park last Saturday or turn on his TV. In the mile-and-a-quarter Woodward Stakes, a weight-for-age event that has become a genuine American fall classic, the country's best 3-year-old, Arts and Letters, trounced the country's best older horse, Nodouble, by two lengths to wrap up the title beyond all dispute. Since late May, Paul Mellon's chestnut son of Ribot has won five stakes in a row to bring his record for the year to seven wins in 13 starts, including a convincing victory over Majestic Prince in the Belmont. If the Prince's name still appears on the ballot it will be put there by those who forget that a racing animal's durability throughout the racing year should overshadow brilliance displayed through only half the long season. (Majestic Prince's 1969 career began on Jan. 7, but despite victories in the Kentucky Derby and Preakness, it ended after his eighth race, the Belmont, on June 7.)

Arts and Letters' presence in the Woodward frightened off all but three rivals. All of them had to give him six pounds, which is a little like Joe Frazier putting one arm in a sling before tackling Muhammad Ali. Nodouble, a dependable campaigner who has now been out of the money only twice in 10 starts this year (he has finished first in four $100,000 races), had tested Arts and Letters once before. On that occasion, the Metropolitan Handicap, Nodouble carried 129 pounds and was beaten by Mellon's colt by 2½ lengths, as Arts and Letters carried 111. This time the weight spread was narrower (126 to 120), but the results were almost exactly the same. One difference was that in the Metropolitan (run on May 30) Nodouble may have been at his best while Arts and Letters was still improving.

There was no question last week that Arts was at *his* best, he was so good, in fact, that he must now be regarded as the equal of such former Woodward winners as Buckpasser and Damascus. "He's certainly better than Sword Dancer," said his trainer, Elliott Burch. "In fact, a really good 3-year-old like Sword Dancer, Buckpasser or Damascus—should be able to beat a top older horse at this time of year at weight for age. That is, if the older horse's name doesn't happen to be Kelso!"

There was nothing devious about the running of this Woodward. Nodouble, a son of the highly successful Australian stallion Noholme II, went right to the lead, with Verbatim not far behind him. Arts and Letters and Chompion, whose only chance for a victory would have required switching the event to a splash-off in the infield lake, brought up the rear. Braulio Baeza made his move with Arts and Letters around the far turn and quickly mastered Verbatim. As he drew closer to Nodouble and the quarter pole at the head of the stretch, the latter's jockey, Eddie Belmonte, took his mount wide deliberately. Verbatim, if he had had anything left, could have whipped through a hole on the inside big enough to accommodate a Greyhound bus. Baeza, too, at that moment, could still have elected to change course to the inside, in which case he undoubtedly would have won by at least another length or two. But he knew he had the winning horse under him and he took Belmonte's maneuver in stride before going about his own business. Just short of the eighth pole he tapped Arts and Letters once on the shoulder and opened up a half length. This gradually was increased to two lengths through the final furlong. Nodouble had a length and a half over Verbatim at the finish, while Chompion was another eight lengths to the rear. Arts and Letters was clocked in 2:01, one second off Kelso's Woodward record, made in 1961.

Losing Owner Gene Goff had said before the race of Nodouble, "We let him get a little short on us during the last few months. We played with him too much at Saratoga." Well, on Saturday, Arts and Letters played with him, too, and so effortlessly that Elliott Burch's longtime friend and oft-time rival, Trainer Mack Miller, said, "Right now I don't think any living thing can beat him. He may be one of the best horses we've seen around here in a long, long time."

Burch will continue to put good stiff works into his 3-year-old champion before his next start—the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup on Oct. 25—but insists he does this only because "Arts and Letters is a born worker. If you tried to hold him back in the mornings he might hurt himself." Burch is approaching $900,000 in earnings for Mellon, apparently on the way to the first $1 million year for both of them. He sported a wide grin as he went to the winner's circle to greet the champion, who has earned $505,472. As Baeza wheeled the colt into the enclosure Burch said proudly, "Look! He came back in with his ears pricked. Isn't he just great!"

Yes, Arts and Letters may well deserve that description. END

**TURNING HOME** Nodouble (4) went wide but Baeza chose not to move in with Arts (1)

GOLF / *Mark Mulvoy*

# *Here's to you, Mr. Robinson—the pros love you . . .*

**. . . more than you could know. For Dick Heath of Robinson, Ill. has made the PGA's smallest tournament a bonanza for the needy**

There is no golf course on the PGA tour quite like the Crawford County Country Club (the 4Cs) in Robinson, Ill. Where else can you get to the locker room 30 minutes before you leave your motel room? Where else can you find a clubhouse doorman wearing an Episcopal minister's collar? Where else can you find slot machines in the clubhouse? And where else can you three-putt to the accompaniment of a high school pep band practicing for a football game?

Only at the 4Cs in Robinson. The touring pros discovered this last week during the $75,000 Robinson Open Golf Classic. Later, when Bob Goalby accepted the winner's check for $15,000 Sunday afternoon, they discovered one more thing: the check was signed, certified and bounceproof. Not all winners' checks on the tour are like that anymore, as the players learned at the Michigan Golf Classic three weeks ago.

As Goalby and his rivals also learned, the Robinson Open is the mystery tournament on the PGA schedule. Indeed, it offers the smallest purse for a so-called major championship on the tour, and for this reason all of the top 25 money-winners for 1969 naturally managed to occupy themselves elsewhere. Maybe some of them couldn't find the place because the tournament is played in the most remote geographical area on the tour.

Robinson is an industrial town of 8,000 located in southeast Illinois, some five hours by car from Chicago and three hours from both St. Louis and Indianapolis. During the tournament most players had to stay in motels at Vincennes, Ind., a half-hour drive, and they were unusually early for their starting times every day because a part of Indiana runs on Eastern time while Illinois is an hour behind on Central time.

There is no tourism to lure spectators to Robinson, although some people do stop occasionally to ask about Novelist James Jones, who grew up in the town. The townspeople always tell them that Jones was the first boy to jump through the skylight at the high school and that he liked to take off his clothes and run around shooting arrows at everyone.

The timing of the tournament is peculiar, too. The tour itself came to a halt two weeks before the Robinson, and in two more weeks it resumes in Las Vegas. Certainly a tournament played in Illinois the last week of September—football time—cannot make sense. And how can it possibly make money?

"That's what everybody asked us from the beginning," says Dick Heath, the tournament director. "But this year we will make about $50,000—grossing about $150,000. Now next year I'd like to schedule a $150,000 Robinson Open. That would really be something, wouldn't it? A $150,000 tournament in Robinson. They'd all be here for that one."

The Robinson is Dick Heath's tournament. Heath became a club official in 1962, when the 4Cs was a little nine-hole pasture that lost thousands of dollars every year. "The first thing I did was change the spending programs of the members," Heath said. "I installed a charge-only system in the clubhouse and the pro shop, and we made $6,800 the first year. No country club can make money doing a cash business."

Heath also realized that nine-hole golf courses were a nuisance, so he convinced Dr. Sam Allen, a general practitioner in Robinson, to give the club 100 acres of adjacent land. In return, Heath gave Dr. Allen a lifetime membership in the club. Heath raised $35,000 himself, borrowed $50,000 and talked townspeople into donating $35,000 of free services, then built the new nine holes on Dr. Allen's land.

The first Robinson Open was played in 1962 on the old nine-hole course. "We were losing so much money then," Heath said, "that the club couldn't put up the purse, so I sold $10 shares to 200 people. In the end we lost $1.26 per share."

After that the Robinson became an annual event, and each year Heath increased the size of the purse. "We scared everybody when we went to $10,000 in 1967," he said, "and they about died when we went to $25,000 in 1968. When I convinced them that we could have a $75,000 tournament this year, they all thought I was nuts or something." To protect themselves against that $75,000, the club members immediately insured Heath's life for $150,000. "Any troubles," Heath says kiddingly, "and all they have to do is bump me off."

The $75,000 tournament, Heath decided, would be a community affair. He started an immediate promotion campaign. He mailed 12,000 brochures, distributed 10,000 automobile bumper stickers, placed 1,500 posters and arranged for 25 billboards. And he went to meetings to talk the tournament up. "I ought to be an honorary Rotarian by now," he said.

Money was the most pressing need. The Alcan corporation contributed $33,000 to the Robinson purse as part of an agreement with the PGA since 12 PGA pros would be playing opposite the Robinson in the Alcan championship at Portland, Ore. Heath somehow sold 95 gold sponsor badges at $500 each and gave each gold sponsor two places in the pre-tournament pro-am, a fistful of tickets, a man's blazer and a woman's sweater. He obtained the clothing at cost from his wife's dress shop.

Next, Heath sold more than 70 patron-sponsor badges at $100 each. He also sold advertising for the official tournament program and the daily pairing sheets. "We had to put a synthetic tee down at the 9th because the grass never grew there, and the Monsanto people charged me $700 for it," Heath says. "The day after that I sold them a pairing sheet ad for $600."

Heath had more than $90,000 in the bank long before the players arrived at Robinson last week. Expenses were always minimal. "I didn't mind begging, borrowing and stealing," he said. "And I hired only one employee—a part-time secretary. Everybody else volunteered."

The people around Robinson laugh when Heath mentions volunteers. "Dick thinks he's with the church," one lady said. "He's always asking you if you'd mind doing something for him." Heath even asked the town's Episcopalian minister, Father Paul Baker, to volunteer and all last week Father Baker was checking everyone's badges before he would let them into the clubhouse.

Bob Jones, the local Cadillac dealer, volunteered to handle all the picture-taking. Horace Maze, a volunteer fireman, worked the parking lot, taking time off to chase the fire engines if need be. And then there was this message on the desk in tournament headquarters, addressed to Mrs. Maxine Zwermann, the mayor's wife and Heath's volunteer assistant: "Maxine. If we need extra help on the phones, we are to contact Doris Prier and she will get Gladys Keeley. Gladys can't work on Tuesday. She may be available Wednesday afternoon."

With everything in order and almost all expenses practically guaranteed, the Robinson Open began last Thursday. During the four days of the tournament, Heath estimated that the club grossed $30,000 from daily ticket sales, $28,000 from the concessions, $7,000 from a special raffle with three different prizes (a trip to Hawaii, a new automobile and a color television set) and $2,500 from parking. He forgot to mention how much the 4Cs made from the six slot machines in the private room in the clubhouse.

Despite the financial success of the tournament, Heath became a disillusioned individual as the week progressed. "I'm learning that the players don't realize what the sponsors do to make a multimillion-dollar tour available to them," he said. "The things provided for them every week don't just happen. I'm not talking about the players who were here this week. I'm talking about all the others who became rich because of people like us."

Last week the only real name players in the Robinson field were Doug Sanders, Gealby and Dow Finsterwald. They all were there for the same reason: they were having poor seasons, were way down on the money lists and needed a victory to guarantee their exempt status for another year. The rest of the field was composed of the young players.

"We're glad they all came to see us," said Dick Heath. "Next year we hope there will be more of them, if you know what I mean." Well, Heath is learning about the pros, and the golf pros are learning about Heath. The Robinson Open may not be a big-money deal yet but the money is real—the checks don't bounce. END

# A bang-up time in Mexico

**White-winged doves cloud the skies south of the border, providing a shooter with a busy time and a full bag of the little tricks**

San Fernando—a clutch of shabby adobe shops—squats on the dirt road between Matamoros and Ciudad Victoria, some 93 miles south of the Mexican border. The only hotel, if it can be called that, is inhabited mainly by cockroaches, and there is not a single souvenir stand in town. This last makes sense, because there is seldom a tourist to be seen. But, for all its shortcomings, San Fernando has one attraction that—for hunters—puts it ahead of any other place in Mexico: it is the center of the best white-wing dove shooting in North America.

The white-winged dove (*Zenaida asiatica*)—for those who have never seen one, and this includes most Americans, because the bird never gets farther north each year than the border portions of our Southwestern states—is a slightly larger cousin of the mourning dove. Weighing between four and 4½ ounces, its plumage ranges from milk-chocolate brown to steel gray with white on the underbelly and a flashy white stripe, which accounts for its name, on its black-tipped wings. The bird is delectable eating—broiled or baked—although each one provides only two mouthfuls.

The white-wing travels in vast flights of from 40,000 to 60,000 birds, wintering in Central and South America and spending its summers in northern Mexico and along the Rio Grande, where in a day it has been known to strip more than two tons of sorghum from a single plantation. With the mourning dove, the white-wing shares the distinction of being the most difficult to bring down of all the migratory birds.

On the U.S. side of the border a typical white-wing shoot along the lower Rio Grande, where the total season this year was two half-days and the estimated number of hunters who crowded the valley border towns topped 200,000, is a combination carnival, convention and Chicago riot.

But south of the border, on the other side of the Rio Grande, Mexican white-wing shooting is as different from that in the U.S. as a Tequila Maria is from tomato juice. Instead of two half-days, the season is two months long. Instead of a 10-bird limit, the daily limit is 15 and the possession limit 45, and the only problem is knowing when to stop shooting.

This *can* be a problem when the late afternoon skies are literally clouded with birds. In spite of such a surfeit of doves, about the biggest crowd a white-wing hunter may happen upon in the course of a weekend shoot is a couple of San Fernando natives on the way to the local water hole.

Why, then, do white-wing hunters travel hundreds and sometimes thousands of miles to battle a mob scene only slightly removed from mass hysteria and greatly removed from any semblance of sport, when by traveling less than 100 miles farther south they could find what must surely approach the ultimate in bird shooting? Why? Because, alas, there are a few hitches to hunting in Mexico.

It is one thing to cross into Mexico as a tourist with all those friendly green U.S. dollars to be spent and all those friendly border merchants ready to offer their wares and friendly advice. But to come into Mexico as a bona fide hunter carrying a gun is another story. Pancho Villa gave a warmer welcome to the Texas Rangers.

There is something about the sight of a gun—sporting firearm though it may be—that has the same effect upon even the most timid Mexican official as the wave of a cape has on a brave bull. A smart hunter puts his money on the table and mumbles *gracias* to everything. There is the usual long roll of red tape strung behind you from the border all the way to the hunting grounds—permits and payoffs *ad nauseam*.

You expect it all to end when you have nearly reached your destination but on a deserted road 50 miles into the interior of a foreign country with soldiers waving guns, one does not argue, one pays. We did four times, to four different officials, for four different reasons. The Mexicans call it *la mordida*—the bite.

Things might have been worse except for Glenn Biggs, who set up the hunt and who managed to get us through most hijackings with minimum scars. Biggs, president of National Western Life Insurance in Austin, has influential friends (the President of Mexico, LBJ and the current governors of the states of Tamaulipas and Texas, to name a few). He used their names often during our various unplanned stops along the road to San Fernando.

No hunting, it would seem, could be worth such trouble. Most hunting is not. But for all the trouble—the bribes, the delays, the back-bruising drive from Matamoros south, the scorching temperatures and voracious insects—the white-wing shooting at San Fernando is worth it all and then some.

The shooting has not always been so good. Until the 1950s there was little food to attract the birds to the area. Instead they flew farther north to the cultivated lands across the border. But when the Falcon Dam opened the upper Gulf area of Mexico to irrigation, the birds found a more inviting summering ground closer to home. The main crop, once cotton, is sorghum. Water is plentiful. It is ideal white-wing country.

A dirt road goes east from the center of San Fernando toward the Gulf. It is rutted and pocked and runs through a tangled jungle. We hunted about two miles down this road. It did not look like a shooting place, but most white-wing shooting places do not. There were seven of us, and as many guides, plus two cars and a pickup truck. We left the vehicles out in the open and stationed ourselves, each with a guide, at 50-yard intervals along the road. There were

*continued*

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no blinds, and we made no particular effort at concealment. I simply stood alongside a bush and shot for the rest of the day.

At first the birds flew mainly in singles, appearing suddenly above the horizon of brush on the other side of the road, quartering as they came to the opening, then dipping and darting as they winged past. They are tiny targets, deceptively fast and frustratingly erratic, making no sound as they fly, which is most disconcerting of all. Most other birds give some audible warning of their approach. The white-wing gives none, and so the hunter must be alert every instant for sight of an approaching bird. Invariably as I studied one part of the horizon, a bird barreled by from another. Most of these feathered apparitions traveled in one direction but now and then a few flew the other way, adding to the confusion.

Periodically Mario, the head guide, drove the pickup along the firing line, stopping at each stand to drop off more shells, pick up birds and distribute cold soda. A herd of goats emerged from the thickets behind me, stared briefly and then moved on. None of the activity seemed to bother the doves.

By 5 o'clock the birds were flying in larger and larger flocks, 20 and 30 appearing on the horizon at a time. Suddenly there were white-wings everywhere, flying in a dozen different directions at once. They came in waves, strung out from one end of the horizon to the other. They flew to the left, to the right, over my head and from behind. Up and down the road the guns banged away. The steady staccato rhythm filled the afternoon.

I did not even try for crossing shots. There were too many easier ones at doves flying straight at me. Twice I dropped birds at my feet. Nor did I try to lead and swing as I would on other birds. This was strictly point-and-fire snap shooting. The birds were too fast for any other technique.

They are so fast, in fact, that the Mexicans claim the white-wing does not start dodging until the shell leaves the gun. This is wrong. The white-wing does not really start dodging until it *sees* the pellets, and the ones you hit have made the mistake of waiting to count the pieces of lead that are flying toward them. END


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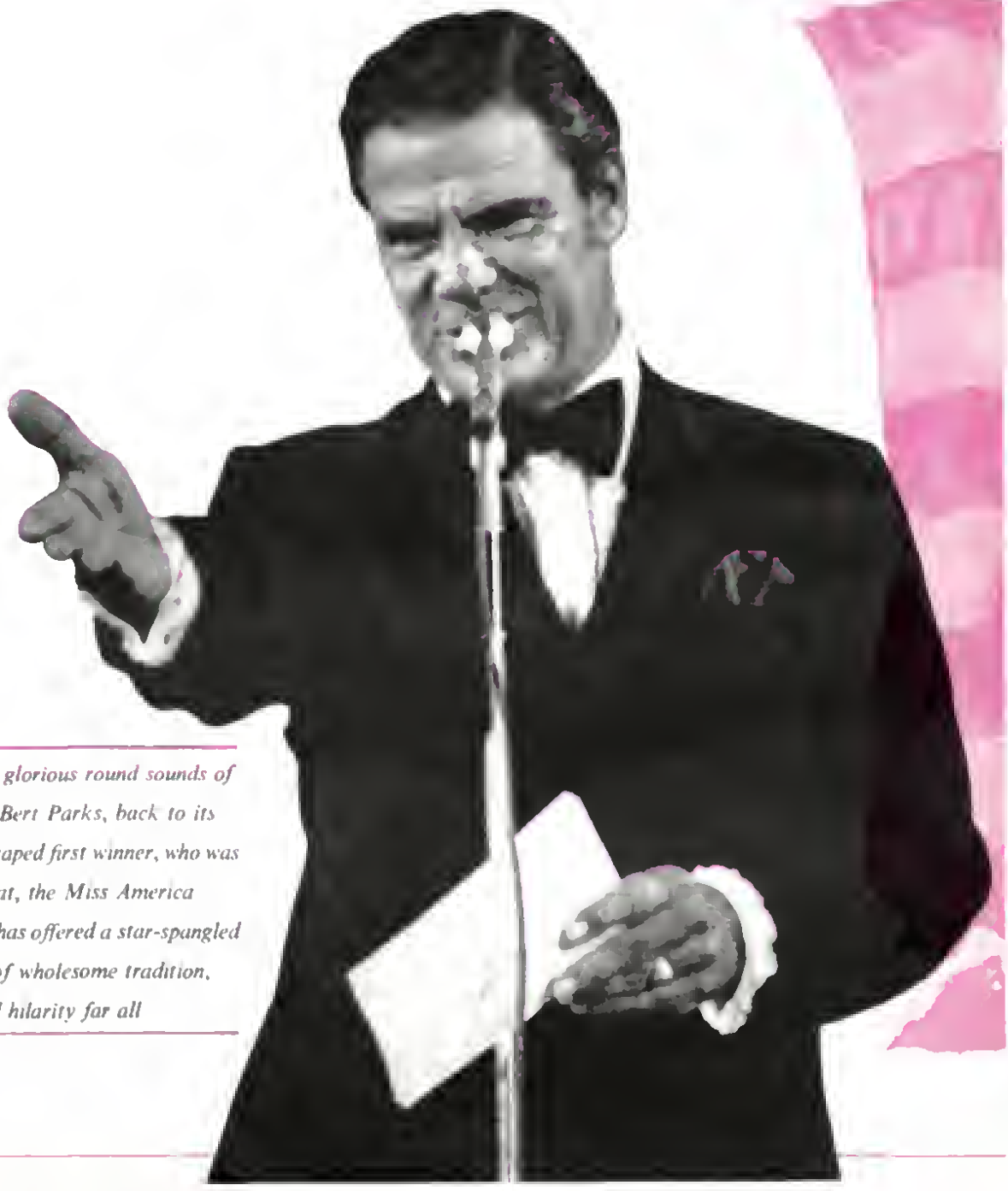
# There She Is, MISS AMERICA

by Pat Ryan



*From the glorious round sounds of crooning Bert Parks, back to its banner-draped first winner, who was strictly flat, the Miss America Pageant has offered a star-spangled mixture of wholesome tradition, sport and hilarity for all*

The first Miss America had a bust that measured one inch less than Twiggy's, which was hardly an all-American statistic. But since that small beginning almost 50 years ago, the Atlantic City beauty contest has more than met the measure of Americana. Do you remember when Miss America of 1956, now Mrs. Kyle Rote, reverently told the press she always sang *The Lord's Prayer* in the bathtub? Or the Miss America who, in the ecstasy of her winning moments, quoted St. Matthew, Abraham Lincoln and Grantland Rice? Or the winner who ran off with her Atlantic City chauffeur the night she was crowned? Or the two Miss Americas who dated—and later denied they would wed—Joe DiMaggio?

Those were moments to appreciate, and last month in Atlantic City events only strengthened the feeling that the Miss America contest—with all of its small ironies—has become a national sporting event that is going to rank up there forever with the World Series, Harvard-Yale and the other supreme competitive rites of fall.

The annual pageant is America as she likes to see herself, hale and happy, by God, even if the constant smiles become painful. Wearing rosette ribbons like those awarded at livestock shows, the burnished girls are the pride of the grass roots. They have been Apple, Strawberry, Cherry, Cotton and Potato Princesses, Miss American Legion, Miss VFW, Miss Traffic Safety, cheerleaders, home-

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coming queens and majorettes. To become Miss America contestants, they have had to show beauty ("outside and inside," is the way the people put it in Atlantic City) and at least two minutes and 50 seconds of talent, that being the amount of performing time allotted each entry. Bert Parks, the chullient master of ceremonies at the pageant, describes Miss America as "a composite of positive wonders," and with her copyrighted rhinestone crown and her gold-washed trophy she unquestionably generates a flutter in the heartland of America. Children are named for her. She receives the keys to more than 200 cities and towns. She travels 200,000 miles in the year of her reign, offering her dignified smile to places like Tupelo, Lubbock, Fayetteville, Kankakee, Thief River Falls and Great Bend. For many, she epitomizes all that is meaningful: patriotism, church, family, devotion, discipline, respect for authority, success earned through clean living and hard effort. She is America the Beautiful. "We stand for the great American middle class, the nonvocal middle class, for normal, average, young American womanhood," says Albert Marks, a pageant official for 15 years. "We are for normalcy. We have no interest in minorities or causes. SDS has its thing. We have no thing. If that is a crime in today's society, so be it. Our youngsters are interested in plain American idealism."

*Prior to her victory, this year's Miss America gets attention of press and hostess.*

Of course, the 400,000 at the Woodstock rock festival who assembled in an alfalfa field about the same time are not in tune with Mr. Marks and his ideas of youth, and so the Miss America Pageant offers an extra fillip to the 75 million who watch it each year on TV. It exemplifies, in its way, a division in the country, for those who do not cherish Miss America are regarding her between Toni commercials, Oldsmobile ads and station breaks as a ridiculously amusing, high-camp figure of dated views and purpose.

Whatever one's opinion, the Atlantic City show is an American tradition, part contest, part pageant, part sport. It began in 1921 when the circulation managers of some Pennsylvania and New Jersey newspapers were looking for a gimmick to increase sales. They decided to promote a bathing-suit contest, the winner to be called Miss America. Girls representing eight cities came to Atlantic City for the judging, and the victorious 16-year-old with a 30-inch bust was Margaret Gorman of Washington. She received a gold mermaid trophy, which was reported to be worth $5,000. During the Depression she had it melted down and collected $50.

In those early days there were scandals. Broadway producers attempted to arrange for their chorus girls to win. There was a contestant who married a stockbroker, took him abroad and shot him. It was a lusty leg show, and the girls were the toast of Prohibition. Miss America's prize was an all-expense-paid trip to Hollywood and a screen test, and among those seeking the title (unsuccessfully) were Joan Blondell, Miss Dallas 1927, and Dorothy Lamour, Miss New Orleans 1931.

The pageant shut down during the Depression, and when it reopened in the mid-'30s the mood was more sober. The wife of the mayor, an elderly Quaker lady who was also the grande dame of Atlantic City society, agreed to help change the somewhat garish image of the contest by establishing a strict chaperon system for the contestants. The rules she laid down are virtually unchanged today. Girls may not talk to a man, even their father or brother, except in the presence of a chaperon. They may be interviewed by a member of the press only if a hostess is there to censor the conversation, a system that sometimes provokes amusing exchanges.

"I'm sorry I'm sweating so much," one of this year's contestants remarked to a reporter. "I've just finished practicing my dance routine."

"Sweat is not a proper word," her hostess chided.

"I'm sorry I'm perspiring," the girl said, trying to repair the wrong.

"Miss Americas do not perspire," the hostess said sternly.

Girls are forbidden to smoke or drink in public. At night chaperons from their states sleep in their rooms or suites. Each morning their Atlantic City hostesses pick the contestants up at their hotels and escort them throughout the day. For Miss America, the same strictures will prevail throughout the year of her reign. She can date only with her chaperon present, and she cannot marry without the approval of pageant officials. The Atlantic City hostesses are the social leaders of the community. "Our philosophy has always been the masses follow the classes," a pageant official once explained. Unfortunately, this statement proved all too true in 1937 when Miss Bertrand Island, N.J. was named Miss America. Her chauffeur during her week in Atlantic City was the scion of one of the resort's great hotel families. He was handsome and had a fine car, and on the night of her victory Miss America disappeared with him. Newspapermen took photographs of the empty throne the next morning.

In 1945 the pageant moved into its third phase. Talent was stressed for the first time and winners were rewarded with scholarships. $940,000 has been given away to date. The first grant for study went to Bess Myerson, who played *Summertime* on a flute and became the only Jewish Miss America. It was just

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at the end of World War II and she bought Victory Bonds, posed in her bathing suit in front of Old Glory and established in the public mind the Miss America type. After her came girls like Colleen Hutchins, whose brother Mel played for the Fort Wayne Pistons and who herself was to marry New York Knick Ernie Vandeweghe. She was a Sweetheart of the Mormon Church and stood 6' 2" in her spikes. A reporter described her as a "lady Tarzan type if there ever was one." Apparently, she did not remind him of Jane. The 1948 Miss America was BeBe Shopp, who used to kill and clean the chickens for the family dinner. As Miss America she went to Europe, where she expressed some noncommittal views about bikinis. Upon reading her quotes in a newspaper, her father, a Cream of Wheat executive in Hopkins, Minn., raged. "Those stories about her sipping wine and discussing French bathing suits are false. A Communist may have written them to undermine the character of my daughter and all American girls."

*In 1949 Miss Montana, Carol Fraser, tried to win in a canter and almost fell into the orchestra.*

The following year Miss America was Jacque Mercer, who, it was reported, enjoyed harrowing and discing fields. She married Green Bay Football Player Dick Curran. In 1951 came Yolande Betheze, who had the braces taken off her teeth after she was named Miss Mobile. To the chagrin of the Catalina bathing-suit company, which was the pageant sponsor, Yolande refused to pose during the year in a swimsuit. Catalina, needing a more acquiescent showcase, pulled out and started its own contest, the Miss Universe competition. Atlantic City bided its time, saying nothing until 1956 when it announced that that year's Miss Universe had finished 14th in the 1954 Miss America contest.

The Miss Americas of 1955 and 1957, Lee Meriwether and Marian McKnight, both dated Joe DiMaggio, and everyone denied everything. But sports fans got their romance not long after when Sharon Kay Ritchie married a Walker Cup golfer, Don Cherry, and wore her tiara and Miss America gown at the ceremony. They were later divorced and she married Kyle Rote. Today her Miss America trophy sits on a shelf in the Rote study, along with her husband's plaques and mementos as an SMU All-America, a New York Giant, and a sportscaster.

In 1959 the winner was Mary Ann Mobley, a National Football and Southeast Livestock Queen and a drum majorette who had been popular during halftimes at Ole Miss. Her talent performance was noteworthy. She did a striptease to a torch song arranged by a church organist. She wore on her wrist a bracelet with a quote from St. Matthew, 17th Chapter. "For verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall move . . ." On winning she quoted a poem by Grantland Rice about home and declared, as Lincoln once did, "All I am . . . I owe to my mother."

So it has gone through the years. Call it homespun corn, but the Miss Americas have a small-town reverence that is sincere. "What do you expect," says Sharon Rote, "when you take a girl from the fields of Nebraska? I don't think it hurts a girl to be Miss America, or to compete for the title. If they never get beyond the local pageant, they are better people for the dieting, exercise and poise they have learned."

The education process can be extensive. Miss America hopefuls are sent to charm schools to learn to walk. "Imagine your hair is tied to the ceiling." They get diction, makeup and laughing lessons. Daily five-mile walks tone their legs. Exercise routines trim their figures. Contestant measurements are never verified by tape measure in Atlantic City, but excessive claims are unwise. It is considered unladylike for a girl to have more than a 37½-inch bust. As for padding, Albert Marks says, "We won't permit anything obviously engineered, but we certainly don't investigate." A 153-page handbook called *How to Win a Beauty Contest* has been written by Miss America Jacque Mercer. Among the helpful hints: read fairy tales to children to put expression in your face, and practice smiling at lampposts and mailboxes.

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# MISS AMERICA continued

Several Miss America contestants, however, have had commendable talent. The most famous professionally is singer Anita Bryant, who was a runner-up in the 1959 contest. She remains an excellent model of the Miss America style of girl, starring in Bob Hope's Christmas shows for servicemen, leading rallies for decency and appearing with Billy Graham. At the Republican Convention last year she sang *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and then, ever noncommitted, she went to the Democratic Convention, where she led the delegates in a rousing rendition of *Happy Birthday, Dear Lyndon*.

But talent is in the eye of the beholder, which in this case means the judges. This year's panel of 10 (six men, four women) included a syndicated newspaper columnist, Norton Mockridge, the president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, a Hollywood cosmetician and the director of Radio City Music Hall. Contestants often compile lengthy dossiers on the judges, and state chaperons will put the information on flash cards and drill the girls. There are conflicting theories of dealing with judges. Some girls believe in eye-to-eye contact. "I look at them squarely," Miss Texas said last month. "Of course, you don't look at a woman judge the same way you look at a man. With a woman, I think innocent thoughts." Miss Vermont, who has looked Joe Namath in the eye and said no when he asked her for a date, says, "I'm afraid to have eye-to-eye contact with the judges. I don't want one to think I'm playing to him."

The techniques of approach, the coaching and the money and effort expended to produce a Miss America vary enormously from place to place. One Southern state is rumored to have a $40,000 budget to create a champion. A state like Vermont has only two local pageants, while North Carolina, Texas and California have more than 50.

The local contests, through which the girls become such things as Miss Clatsop County, number about 3,500, and 70,000 girls enter these Miss America preliminaries each year. The winners of the minor titles go on to the state pageants. Girls return year after year to try for the local and state crowns. It took Donna Axum, Miss America of 1964, three years to become Miss Arkansas.

With the state title a girl receives scholarships, a wardrobe ($3,000 worth of gowns, dresses and shoes is not unusual), the use of an Oldsmobile for a year and additional prizes—color TVs, silver, mink stoles and free car washes. She presides over fairs, Kiwanis and Rotary gatherings, visits hospitals and fire companies and graces Easter egg hunts. She makes three or four appearances a week in the state, receiving from $25 to $100 for each, depending on the state and the demand. Miss Wyoming earns perhaps $1,000 in a year, Miss Mississippi can make $20,000.

"The Southern states use their queens to increase tourism," the executive director of the Wyoming pageant explains. "We have other obligations to the bears at Yellowstone, the Grand Tetons and Buffalo Bill. We stress those things in our tourist advertising."

Hairdressers, cosmetologists and voice coaches accompany the girls to Atlantic City, while there, a contestant may need to have her hair done three times a day. Special music is composed to suit her personality and talent, and hundreds of dollars are spent on special costumes that will enhance, or hide, her talent. All this in preparation for "There she is, Miss America."

It is in the swelter of a Labor Day weekend—sometimes with as many as 14 suitcases weighing down their Oldsmobiles—that the beauty queens of the 50 states check into Atlantic City. They are wearing stylish fall tweeds, many collared and hemmed in sealskin or fox. Since it is after Sept. 1, fashion dictates the season is autumn, though common sense says such a notion is absurd. But their hair is attached to the ceiling, remember, so they cannot wilt. The marble steps of the old hotels in the fading resort town are as worn as the aged people who sit in the lobbies. Rouged women in silk hats and pearls use up their afternoons dozing in once-grand lounges. The girls themselves are parceled out,

share and share alike, to hotels whose very names once set vacation-bound America trembling the Marlborough-Blenheim, Claridge's, the Chalfonte But now Atlantic City itself is a September Song Only one of its places rates a top ranking in the American Automobile Association guidebook Howard Johnson's Elsewhere guests are apt to find themselves sleeping on horsehair mattresses, an honorable but unfamiliar sensation The streets are the Monopoly board Pacific, Ventnor, Baltic, Tennessee and the Miss America Pageant office is, of course, found on the Boardwalk The trophies in the window look commonplace, the kind awarded in a bowling alley The bracelets and pins the girls seek so determinedly might have been bought in a souvenir shop And the crown on its red velvet pillow has only the glamour of its rhinestones The office is a simple, homely place the flowered slipcovers on the chairs in the waiting room do not fit well It is immediately obvious that this is no big-city, high-pressure operation On the coffee table is a magazine called *Belief* Its subtitle reads "Messages designed to help people realize the benefits of faith in God, faith in America, faith in people, faith in themselves" On the cover is a strip of American faces, Carl Yastrzemski, Bart Starr and last year's Miss America, Judi Ford, who happens to be, like Yastrzemski and Starr, an athlete, the winner of the AAU's junior women's trampoline title in 1968

The girls rarely see the pageant office, for Convention Hall is the center of their rigorously scheduled week Monday and Tuesday, rehearsal of the pageant show and a Boardwalk parade, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, preliminary judging, and Saturday night the finals on national television

The contestants are assigned hostesses arbitrarily, and the women cluck affectionately about the girls A few are dour, forbidding figures, guardians of the pageant's honor as well as its contestants' But for the most part the women are efficient and obliging to an astonishing degree Last year Miss Florida used bubble gum in her Charleston routine When the girl was chosen as a semifinalist on the final evening of the pageant, she found she did not have enough time between her evening gown and talent appearances to get her gum in good bubble condition Her hostess chewed the Dubble Bubble and turned it over in good shape for the dancer's performance There is a week-long combination of mini-chaos and care The hostess committee has set aside a Prayer Corner where the girls can be alone and a Giggle Corner where they can clown to relieve their tension A row of rooms above the stage where the beauty queens rest between performances is called Sleepy Hollow In the communal dressing room there is a bounty of teen-age food, the average age of Miss America winners is 19, and they have not lost their taste for pickles, potato chips, pretzels and peanut-butter sandwiches

These girls lacquered and sheened are part child, part woman They still keep those schoolgirl autograph books, the ones with pink and yellow paper, writing messages for one another in self-conscious script Yet at rehearsals they walk with ease in $200 pants suits of silk They compete for a neat-as-a-pin award, a brooch with a diamond chip, by hanging their Neiman-Marcus gowns carefully on racks Their selection of talent routines sometimes is telling of their age Miss North Dakota's act this year was "Beeping Sleauty" As they talk there comes the sudden realization of how limited their experience, how unformed their tastes, how simple their philosophy ("I want to be happy") An engaging, real Miss America quality keeps popping up Miss Minnesota tells how, when she won the state title last June, pageant officials in Minneapolis ordered her to get rid of her poison ivy and mosquito bites, to stop climbing trees immediately and to stay out of the sun They also curled her lank, sun-bleached hair the kind that is so in fashion in half of young America and enrolled her in charm school

It is impossible to be an All-American girl, and thus Miss America, without at least pretending to a few sporting enthusiasms One of the categories that each girl must fill in on her personal information sheet is Sport Miss West Virginia had noted that she was a "champion relay runner" She explains, "Our team ran the 440, but I can't for the life of me remember our time" What position did she run? Anchor? "I was the last one Yes, I think you call it the anchor," she replies Miss Louisiana "enjoys showing horses" but hasn't been on one since she was 14 A "roller skating champion," Miss Indiana, competed four years ago (She might have scored more points by identifying herself as a cousin of Dodger Pitcher Carl Erskine) The "swimming instructor," it turns out, has merely passed a lifeguard test, and the golfers haven't played long enough to have handicaps

Interviews with the press 350 reporters cover the pageant are allowed during the midday talent rehearsals, which are scheduled throughout the week At a distant microphone some girl is practicing a monologue "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo " Meanwhile, the other girls quietly explain their ambitions to reporters to be a schoolteacher, a nurse, to receive a master's degree in music, in drama, in physical education

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*Behind the Miss America throne and image is Albert Marks, principled and stern*

Some are very well prepared for these interviews. Miss Ohio has been a beauty queen for years—Miss Teen Mid-America, Miss Bowling Green, West Point Girl of the Month, Miss Independence, Miss Date-Setter. She is glossy and big-eyed. She studied a book—*How to Improve Your Vocabulary*—before she came to Atlantic City.

Miss Florida wants to be an actress and already has played Rita Hayworth's daughter in a movie. She reads palms. It is a hobby and makes for good conversation. She looks something like a swami as she sits there draped in fuchsia, cerise and purple veils waiting to rehearse her ballet from *Kismet*. She examines her own palm. "I am ambitious, hot tempered, spasmodically impulsive, stubborn, honest," she says. "I will be famous, marry twice, have one boy and three girls. I will lose a fortune in my 30s. I have sensitive bones. I am sensuous . . ."

"Don't write that down," the hostess says quickly.

Miss Arizona is exuberant and imaginative. She has brought her state crown along, and it can keep her talking for hours. "It's worth $3,000," she says, "and is of sterling mined in Arizona." She twirls the crown and points to the state bird and flower and explains the number 48 in a heart—"We were the 48th state to enter the Union, and we came in on Valentine's Day. The ermine around the rim was trapped in northern Arizona, and these designs represent our industries—cotton, copper mining, cattle, ponderosa pine. We have another major industry—our climate—but it is not easy to represent that on a crown, so I say, well, Miss Arizona has a sunny smile." Give Miss Arizona "A" for effort to go along with her grade school track ribbons—she high-jumped 4' 4"—and a more positive athletic talent: she was a member of the University of Arizona women's swimming team and last year finished fifth in the breaststroke in the Western championships.

The pageant even has a football hero of sorts, Miss Oklahoma, who won the football kick in the Sorority Olympics at Tulsa with a 35-yard boot. She says she had some professional training. "Howard Twilley, our All-America, who is now with the Miami Dolphins, taught me. He has great hands." Perhaps because it might blacken her image in Atlantic City, she did not list football among her sports. Instead, on the fact sheet she noted archery. "The archery championship I won," she says, "was in Girl Scout camp. I was 12."

As the girls talk and prepare, clusters of parents move through the backstage area on formal tours. They are florists, grocers, retired Army men, nurses, a truck driver from the New Mexico oil fields, a mother who rings doorbells for Avon. Shirt-sleeved men and housewives in slacks and Ban-Lon, they have, for the most part, faces marked by years and work, and probably monotony. As they glance at their daughters, one can't help comparing—it is, indeed, before and after. If their daughter becomes Miss America they will refinish the basement back in Marietta or Billings to show off the gifts she receives. And the Miss America award will make a handsome dowry. Appearance fees will be mailed home and deposited in the local bank. At year's end Miss America will have $50,000, as well as the $10,000 scholarship she received with the title.

Commercial establishments, such as department stores, pay her $1,000 and expenses for appearances. Churches and civic groups pay $500, and if she appears on behalf of the Pageant sponsors Oldsmobile, Toni and Frigidaire she receives $250 a day. The Women's Liberation Movement, which has taken to picketing the pageant, charges, among other things, that Miss America is "a slave to the capitalistic system—she is a walking commercial, wind her up and she plugs your product. . . ." At times she does indeed seem packaged to appeal to a middle-aged, middle-America audience. The average age of an Oldsmobile buyer happens to be 40. This year at the Miss America Awards Breakfast, an Oldsmobile representative spoke briefly. He said he was very proud and pleased with their 1970 model—of car, not of Miss America, he hastily added. Actually, Oldsmobile has had some bad luck recently. Last year's Miss America was Judi *Ford*, and the father of this year's winner has worked for 29 years in a Chrysler axle plant.

Pepsi-Cola, a longtime pageant sponsor, dropped the show this year. Pepsi distributors in various states still back local pageants, but Pepsi withdrew on the national level, a company spokesman says, "because the pageant no longer has big-city appeal. It is a waste of time, for instance, to try to do anything with Miss America in New York City."

This fact does not particularly disturb Miss America officials, nor does it bother the sponsoring civic organizations—Jaycees, Rotarians, Lions, etc., whose members come to Atlantic City for the pageant each September. These men, decidedly opinion makers in their own communities, are successful, and bluff with good humor. Pageant week is a full-dress affair. Wives are corsaged and stylish in celery, eggshell and banana lace. During the three nights of preliminaries (when the contestants compete in groups for talent and swimsuit trophies), as well as preceding the Saturday finale, coiffured women in evening gowns move down the Boardwalk toward Convention Hall, past the taffy shops, the frozen-custard stands, the chicken licken and 10¢ bingo parlors.

Several years ago Convention Hall was the site of the Liberty Bowl, and high school football games and midget auto races are still held there. A Kiwanis convention once had a horse race on the stage, which suggests the size of the place. As a result, though the dress is quite formal for the evenings of judging, a sporting-event atmosphere prevails. Many of the men are carrying binoculars—not to leer through, they are a necessity. There are Methke banners of encouragement for the girls, cowbells and cheers (Go Go, Miss Wyo).

At Convention Hall the Women's Liberation Movement is picketing again, passing out handbills protesting Miss America's "image of sex, virginal prettiness, glory of war, mindless conformity, acceptance of racism and competitive spirit." Last year the group burned its brassieres on the Boardwalk. "These

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# The unTuesday phenomenon.

It has come to our attention that some of you out there are apparently drinking Teacher's Scotch on days other than Tuesday.

We feel dutybound to remind everyone again that, in strictest point of fact, we have actually settled on Tuesday as the official, approved day for drinking Teacher's. In consequence the Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday enjoyment of Teacher's must be technically considered unauthorized.

Enough said. The entire subject is highly gratifying to us and we trust it will not be necessary to take further measures.

Thank you for your lack of cooperation.

**Teacher's Scotch**

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., Importers

people seem bent upon making women less attractive through the questionable process of doing away with underwear." Pageant Chairman Marks declares. But this year the demonstration is not fiery at all, due to a restraining order issued by a local judge. Plainclothesmen with blackjacks infiltrate the audience, and hundreds of policemen in the balconies watch for trouble. None materializes, but the Other America has made its point. The Miss America concept is being assailed.

For many years the Miss America Pageant mirrored the national mood. It had its flat-breasted, no-holds-barred flappers of the '20s, its postwar salt-of-the-prairie girls, its decade of prosperity and plenty when Miss Americas and almost everyone else were college-bound. But recently the pageant has been out of step. The theme of the 1968 pageant was Cinderella, and Albert Marks' children, aged 15 and 17, asked him afterward, "What was all that about?"

Marks is businessman enough—the pageant brings $2 million a year to the city—to react to change. "I had the distinct impression we were not communicating with the people we wanted to communicate with," he recalls. So he ordered a more up-to-date approach for the 1969 show. It was billed the Sound of Young, and Marks points out carefully that the composers of the score, Glenn and Edna Osser, used five different kinds of rock music. "There was no acid rock, I'm damned if I'll allow that," Marks adds. Some other policies were also changed. Contestants were told dresses no longer had to hang to the knee, two inches above the knee would be permitted. And, a shocker, the outgoing Miss America appeared on national television dancing with a bare midriff. It was the first navel in pageant history. The show's new lyrics pounded strangely through old Convention Hall:

*The sound is the beat*
*The beat is the sound*
*Stirring and strange*
*Searching for change . . .*
*A whole lot of folks are refusing to face it!*
*Thinkin' that time and good taste will erase it!*
*But, you can't be an ostrich*
*With your head buried in sand!*
*Look up! Look around! Listen to the sound . . .*
*You can't be caught napping*
*With your generation gapping!*

And so the message went. Edna Osser wrote the lyrics in her bathtub, where she has written such successful things as the Campbell Soup commercial: M'm! M'm! Good!

But the sound of young and the new beat did not come easily. The pageant feels it has moved to close its "generation gapping," but it has not gone overboard. Miss America entries wear hairdos—curled and sprayed stiff—that went out of style years ago. They wear old-fashioned swimsuits and three-inch heels, which few stores carry anymore. This year's Miss New York, who lives in a Buffalo suburb, told of spending days shopping for her shoes and dresses that could be let down far enough to meet pageant requirements. It was interesting, too, that when the contestants performing in a show called the Sound of Young were asked what kind of music they enjoyed, they replied almost to a Miss: "Henry Mancini, no rock. Percy Faith, no rock. . . . Ferrante and Teicher, no rock. . . ." In the talent competition the girls sang such things as *Old Devil Moon*, *Makin' Whoopee* and *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*. And one of the competing pianists told of copying Lawrence Welk's keyboard form.

The girls cannot be all things to all people, but their backers try. A member of the Tennessee delegation spoke of his state's entry as "a fine, sincere, honest, Christian woman. But she's not religious," he quickly added.

The new image of the pageant is disturbing to some people. "I think it is upsetting the audience to see the reigning Miss America in a miniskirt," Bert Parks says. "There has not been the same response to her this year. In the past when she made her appearance the people would rise and do homage to her as if she were true royalty."

Parks is the father figure of the show, the soother with saccharine of uncomfortable moments, the quizmaster and the quintessence of the Miss America contest. He is the acme of camp. He did his first show in Atlantic City 15 years ago, when some of this year's contestants were only 3 years old. To Parks, the pageant is, "a fairyland of unreality in the ugliness and tragedy of present-day life."

The climax of the pageant for everyone has long been his singing of "There she is, Miss America." The only moment like it in the history of show business, Parks believes, was when Kate Smith sang *God Bless America*. The pageant theme song is so identified with Parks that when he makes personal appearances throughout the year he is usually asked to sing it. Written first for the 1954 pageant, the song was scrapped during rehearsals. Bernie Wayne, the composer, recalls leaving Convention Hall that night, getting drunk and calling his mother in disappointment. When the song was finally performed, it quickly became a fixture of the pageant.

One out of every three Americans watches the Miss America telecast, and in eight of the past 10 years it has ranked either first or second in the Nielsen ratings of the year's top shows. Occasionally the Academy Awards or a Bob Hope show outdraws it, and the fourth game of the 1963 World Series (Dodgers vs. Yankees) had more viewers.

It is a smooth production, and few in this year's television audience realized that many of Bert Parks' numbers and all of Miss America's songs were prerecorded and mouthed for the cameras. The reigning Miss America, Judi Ford, has no singing talent, so a professional singer was hired to do her songs. Ironically, one of the numbers was entitled *Where Is the Real?* with lyrics that went, "Can he see through the image to where is the real?"

What is seen on television is the show, but what the multimillion viewers never really sense at the Saturday night finals is the game within the show—the contest, the sport, the judging. For this it is necessary to have a well-selected seat

continued

**What's 7 minutes in your young life?**

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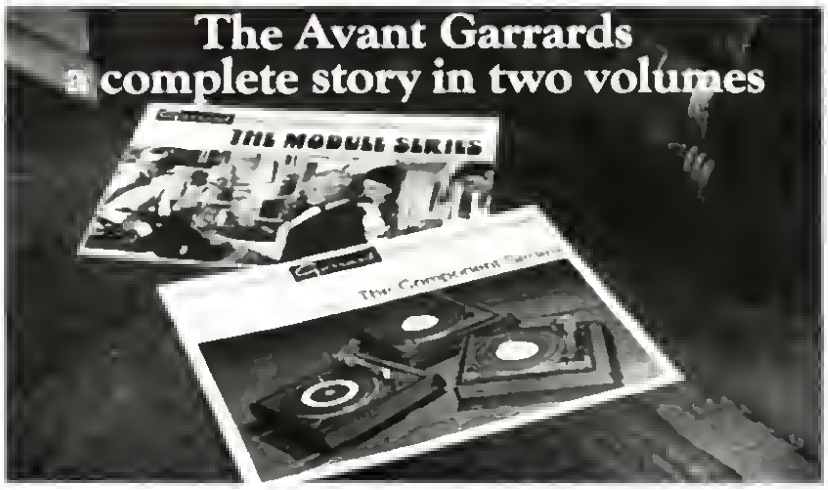


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## MISS AMERICA

continued

among the lady reporters from Bangor to Bismarck who return year after year and constitute as knowing a press box as any that ever looked down with scorn on Chicago's collapsing Cubs or ex-Allie's fumbling Giants. These ladies have a fine eye for the esoteric points of conformation that completely escape the novice. One basic rule, for example, is that a girl must look durable enough to stand the Miss America pace.

However, it is not fragility of body but of hair that first catches the eye of one of the press-row sharpies as Miss California passes down the runway. "That wouldn't do for Toni" is the comment.

Miss Colorado, the baton twirler in University of Colorado halftime shows, appears. She is too tall, too thin (she eats 10 instant breakfasts a day to slight avail) and sparkly gowned. "That's last year's dress" is the dry appraisal.

The swimsuit parade begins, and Miss Ohio looks lively, self-assured. She is 36-23-36 and has never lost a hatbing-suit contest. "Mmmm," says a lady. "I don't know how she wins. One shoulder is lower than the other."

Miss Minnesota follows, the girl a charm school tried to teach to walk. "She didn't learn anything," someone remarks.

Miss Michigan arrives, sweetly blonde. She has won a swimsuit preliminary (she cannot swim). "Flabby thighs," a lady reporter notes.

Few people in Convention Hall are making such cool assessments. The audience is enjoying the spangle of color and music and the patter of Bert Parks. It wants to laugh a little and cry a little and believe that Miss America, whoever she may be, will live happily ever after. But the judges have noticed it all. The talent. The hair. The walk. The thighs. Now they vote. Four certified public accountants tally the ballots. The winner . . . (pause) . . . is Miss Michigan, Pamela Anne Eldred. They crown her, cloak her in velvet and ermine and give her a scepter. Suddenly it is midnight. Is the coach turning into a pumpkin? Who left this glass slipper behind? END

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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the sports information of the week**

**BOATING**—*Miss Budweiser* driven by BILL STERETT won the $81,600 hydroplane Gold Cup on San Diego's Mission Bay. The win earned Sterett $13,500 and the 1969 driver championship.

**BOXING**—Former World Heavyweight Champion SONNY LISTON knocked out Sonny Moore of Dallas with a short right to the jaw at 2:15 of the third round in a scheduled 10-rounder in Houston. The win was Liston's 14th straight.

**FOOTBALL**. AFL. Without rookie Quarterback Greg Cook, who was injured in the second quarter, CINCINNATI (3-0) upset powerful Kansas City (2-1) for the first time in seven exhibitions and regular-season meetings, 24–19. However, the Chiefs' Len Dawson was out and their sub quarterback, Jacky Lee, was injured in the game. OAKLAND (3-0) recovered from the shock of two Boston (0-3) scores in the first quarter and rallied to win 38–23 as Daryle Lamonica threw four scoring passes. O. J. Simpson had his best Sunday as a pro, 110 yards rushing and five catches for 45 yards and one TD—as BUFFALO (1-2) earned its first win, 41–28 over visiting Denver (2-1). Roy Gerela, a HOUSTON (2-1) rookie from New Mexico State, broke George Blanda's club record with five field goals, and Pete Beathard passed for 197 yards in a 22-10 victory over Miami (0-3). The world champion New York Jets (1-2) came close to a tie when, on fourth down with two minutes left, Joe Namath passed to Bill Mathis on the SAN DIEGO (1-2) five. The pass fell short, however, and the game ended 34–27.

NFL. Packer rookie Dave Hampton from Wyoming ran the second-half kickoff back 87 yards for a score, the highlight of the 14–7 GREEN BAY (2-0) win over San Francisco (0-2, *page 28*). Joe Kapp, MINNESOTA (1-1) quarterback, tied the NFL record of seven touchdown passes in one game (held by Sid Luckman, Y. A. Tittle and Adrian Burk) as league champion Baltimore (0-2) suffered its worst loss since 1962, 52–14. CLEVELAND (2-0) had to come from behind despite having led by 10 points halfway through the fourth quarter to beat Washington (1-1). Bill Nelsen threw 15 yards to Gary Collins for a TD with 1:19 remaining, and the Browns won 27–23. DALLAS (2-0) beat New Orleans (0-2) on the strength of two TDs by its No. 1 draft choice, rookie Calvin Hill from Yale, and a third on a 49-yard pass play from Craig Morton to Lee Shy. Final score: 21–17. A Bob Berry-to-Gail Cogdill pass in the last period got Atlanta (1-1) on the scoreboard, but the rest of the game belonged to LOS ANGELES (2-0). The Rams beat the Falcons 17–7 and came out of the weekend the only undefeated team in the Coastal Division. ST. LOUIS (1-1) required a fresh quarterback, Jim Hart, and a fourth quarter touchdown to defeat Chicago (0-2), but even then the Bears had to miss a field-goal attempt on the game's last play to leave the score 20–17 Cardinals. A TD reception by Nick Eddy, a two-yard score by Mel Farr and Lem Barney's 75-yard punt return to a score led DETROIT (1-1) in a 24–0 shutout of the New York Giants (1-1). PHILADELPHIA (1-1-1) Quarterback Norman Snead threw four touchdown passes to Ben Hawkins and another to Harold Jackson, completed 22 of 30 passes for 335 yards and beat Pittsburgh (1-1-1) 41–27.

**GOLF**. The $75,000 Robinson Open Golf Classic on the 72 par Crawford County Country Club course in Robinson, Ill. was won by BOB GOALBY on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Jim Wiechers (*page 64*).

Lee Trevino, leading the $125,000 Alcan Golfer of the Year tournament in Portland, Ore. by six strokes with three holes to play, took a bogey and a triple bogey on the 70 and 71st, which, combined with BILLY CASPER's four straight birdies on the closing holes, gave Casper the win by one stroke and the $55,000 first-place money.

**HORSE RACING**. With his fifth straight stakes victory, the 1¼ mile $106,000 Woodward at Belmont Park, ARTS AND LETTERS ($2.60), virtually clinched Horse of the Year honors (*page 63*).

**MODERN PENTATHLON**. Hungary's ANDRAS BALCZO, trailing in points until winning the final event, the 4,000-meter cross-country run, took his fifth straight world championship in Budapest. Robert Beck of San Antonio was 10th, best for the U.S.

**TENNIS**. PANCHO GONZALES beat Cliff Richey 6–0, 7–5 to win the $30,000 Pacific Southwest Open tournament at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Gonzales, who was seeded 10th, had announced before play began his intention to retire after two more tournaments.

**TRACK & FIELD**. AUSTRALIA took 14 gold medals to the U.S.'s 11 and won the first Pacific Conference Games, a two-day, five-nation event in Tokyo's Olympic stadium. Japan's Kyoichiro Inoue vaulted 18' 9½" to upset Olympic champion Bob Seagren.

**WEIGHT LIFTING**. JAN TALTS of the Soviet Union was awarded first place in the heavyweight division of the world weight lifting championships in Warsaw after a Soviet objection resulted in the disqualification of the final jerk of apparent winner Bob Bednarski of the U.S. The Russians contended Bednarski had not met the time limit, and after deliberating for 1½ hours, the five-man jury agreed.

**MILEPOSTS**—REFORMED. A new and as yet nameless conference in the NCAA's university division to include Northern Illinois, Southern Illinois, Illinois State, Indiana State and Ball State. Central Michigan, Western Illinois and Eastern Illinois have options to apply. Football competition begins in 1974, all other sports start next year.

RETURNED. To work because of assorted fringe benefits the 20 members of the NHL REFEREES AND LINESMEN'S ASSOCIATION who walked out of training camp Sept. 15. The group's demand for formal recognition was dropped for the time being.

GRANTED. To the ABA's Washington Capitols by a federal court judge a preliminary injunction preventing RICK BARRY from playing for San Francisco of the NBA. Handsome Rick, who does not want to move with the Caps from Oakland to Washington said, "I'm extremely disappointed, but as things stand now I'm going to probably go back and play."

SIGNED. To a two-year contract to manage the Philadelphia Phillies FRANK LUCCHESI who worked in the Phils' farm system for 14 years.

RE-SIGNED. By the St. Louis Cardinals, despite player criticism and a bad season, Manager RED SCHOENDIENST, whose '67 and '68 teams won pennants.

FIRED. Managers DICK WILLIAMS of the Boston Red Sox and LARRY SHEPARD of the Pittsburg Pirates. Williams was in the second year of a three-year contract and had led Boston to a pennant in 1967. Shepard took over the Pirates' ship last season.

FILED. By ex-umpires AL SALERNO and BILL VALENTINE a $4-million suit against professional baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and American League President Joe Cronin. The plaintiffs were discharged during the 1968 season by Cronin who charged them with incompetence. They claim they were sent to the showers because they were trying to form an umpires' association.

ANNOUNCED. By CAPTAIN HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM, his retirement from racing after 35 years and the planned dispersal of his Cain Hoy Stable. Cain Hoy's horses have won more than 500 races and $8 million. Horses bred by Guggenheim have won 1,000 races and $8 million.

**CREDITS**

8—James Kavalines, New York Herald Tribune. 19—Tony Tomsic. 20—Neil Leifer. 25—Eric Schweikardt. 26—Henz Kluetmeier. 28, 30—Henz Kluetmeier. 36—Sheedy & Long. 42—Grete Sandin. 52—Pan Aug. Pix, Robert Ward. 56, 57—Ne. Leifer. 60, 61—Richard Meek. 63—Marty Schartman. 64—Ben. Dr. Correa. 70—courtesy NBC. 71—(both) n.e.; (bottom) Palmer Smith. 72—James Drake. 75—UPI. 76, 77—James Drake. 80—Olson Photographers, Inc. 1969. 85—Bermuda News Bureau; UPI. 88—UPI.

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**JOHN WIGGINS**, a tricky senior halfback for Sidney (Ohio) High School, dominated the Yellow Jackets' first two games this fall, rushing for a total of 393 yards and scoring 36 points. As a junior last season, he ran up a total of 1,321 yards and 166 points.

**JEFF HAOLEY**, 15, upset his elders and became the youngest player ever to win the men's golf championship of the 79-year-old Apawamis Country Club in Rye, N.Y. Jeff, whose dad was champ 19 years ago, beat three-time runner-up Sam Watkins 8 and 7 in the final.

**MAGGIE MOSS**, a secretary in Bermuda, earned two possible world fishing records in one month off the island's Challenger Banks. She caught a 12-pound 13-ounce rainbow runner using 20-pound test line and another, 11 pounds, 11 ounces, on 12-pound.

**BOB BRINGHURST**, a hunter with bow and arrow since childhood who switched to target shooting just two years ago, won his seventh title of the year, the California Target Archery Shooting Championship in Coalinga, with a tourney-record 1,795 points.

**JAYNET COLTON**, turned 14 and won the Allegheny Mountain Junior AAU Cross Country championship in Pittsburgh on the same day. It was her 22nd straight victory of 1969, the others being a 5:29 mile (her first try at that distance), 10 440s and 10 880s.

**RICK ROBUSTELLI**, son of former NFL star Andy Robustelli, starting his second game as quarterback for the University of Connecticut, threw the 68-yard scoring pass that eventually beat Yale 19–15, the Huskies' second win over the Elis in 21 games.

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

While New York (6-0, *page 23*) took the Eastern Division championship, Chicago (2-3) continued to streak into oblivion. Cub Manager Leo Durocher even accused his team, which had the worst record in the major leagues during September, of quitting on him. His team, it was no secret, had its own ideas. Durocher's sudden midseason absence certainly did not make Cub hearts grow fonder, and the team fell from what looked like an insurmountable lead. While Pittsburgh (4-2) ran off a four-game win streak behind unusually strong pitching from Luke Walker, Dock Ellis, Steve Blass and Bob Moose, and Philadelphia (1-5) slumped 36½ games out of first, the hottest action in both Pennsylvania cities involved managers. The Pirates fired Larry Shepard, who was nearing the end of his second season. No replacement was named, but the most frequently mentioned candidate was fiery Don Hoak. The Phillies, who had been playing under interim Manager George Myatt since August, hired Frank Lucchesi to direct them next season. Lucchesi, who has spent 18 years in the minors as a player and a manager, quickly exhibited the kind of optimism that maybe the Phils do not need. "I'm not making predictions," he said, "but I think there has been only one man more optimistic than I am. That was General Custer, who told his men, 'Don't take any prisoners.'" St. Louis (3-3) Manager Red Schoendienst benched his high-priced regulars and allowed his rookies to play against the last-place Expos, who had defeated the Cards seven times this year. The result was a pair of old-fashioned Cardinal victories. As part of a 12-1 laugher, Outfielder Steve Huntz became the first Card all year to hit two homers in one game. The next day three new pitchers combined for a 2-1 victory with the winner, lefty Jerry Reuss, driving in the deciding run. Even though the 12-1 loss was its worst of the year, Montreal (1-4) could still finish the home season on a happy note. Drawing 1,200,000 fans, the Expos were the only solid success at the gate among the four new teams this year. Pontificated the financial section of one Canadian paper, "The club has proven to be a super catalyst in the city's economic and social milieu, and indications are that the trend, like the team, can go only one way, up." As the Western Division race narrowed to a battle between Atlanta (6-0, *page 24*) and San Francisco (3-3), Willie Mays came off the bench to provide the season with one of its most dramatic moments. Pinch-hitting in the seventh inning, he clouted a game-winning home run against the Padres—the 600th homer of his career. For the only player other than Babe Ruth to reach that figure, the blast could mean $30,000 in gifts. Adirondack, the company that makes Mays' bats, contributed a big share, including a $12,500 foreign car and $3,500 in stock. With just three games left to play, Cincinnati (7-2) was knocked from contention, but the Reds went down fighting. They swept four games from Los Angeles (1-6) to eliminate the Dodgers and then held on for three more days behind victories by Jim Maloney and Al Jackson. Maloney threw a one-hit shutout, and Jackson scored his first win of the year with 3⅔ innings of scoreless relief. The Reds' hitting was strong, too, as Pete Rose (*below*) drove for another batting title and Johnny Bench hit three home runs. Both Houston (2-6) and San Diego (2-4) hurt the contenders. The Padres pushed the Giants out of first place with a pair of victories and the Astros eliminated the Reds.

Standings: East: NY 99-61, Chi 91-69, Pitt 86-74, StL 85-74, Phil 62-97, Mont 52-108. West: Atl 92-69, SF 89-70, Cin 88-72, LA 83-76, Hou 80-79, SD 50-109.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

With the Eastern Division's fourth-place Washington (6-0) guaranteed its first winning season in 17 years and its most victories since World War II, Ted Williams, whose hiring was initially viewed as perhaps nothing more than an attempt to perk up the lusterless Senators' gate appeal, stands as a contender for Manager of the Year. Williams raised his team's average from .224 in 1968 to .250 this season and, surprisingly, he was equally effective with his pitchers. In a year when most staffs' ERAs increased, the Senators lowered theirs, with Dick Bosman certain to become only the fourth Senator since Walter Johnson to win the earned-run title. After six professional seasons during which he compiled a 7-16 major league record with a 3.93 ERA, the righthander, who threw a three-hitter last week, blossomed with a 13-5 record and a 2.18 earned run average. The East's other Williams, Boston's (5-2) Dick, was Manager of the Year two seasons ago, when he led the Impossible Dream Red Sox to the pennant. Even as the Sox were trying to put a happy ending on a nightmarish season with a late drive for second place last week, he suddenly was aware of what can happen to managers whose dreams truly become impossible. Told by the Sox he would not be

### HIGHLIGHT

Sitting down, as everybody now knows, is not part of Pete Rose's style. It was, therefore, hardly a surprise when the Reds' sprinting outfielder hinted a week ago, with just the faintest air of derision, that he would not allow the Mets' Cleon Jones to win the National League batting championship while riding on the bench. At the start of the week Jones, who had led the league's hitters most of the season, held an eight-point edge over Rose but, beset by injuries, he had sat out 18 of New York's games during September. The Cincinnati switch hitter suspected that when Jones returned to the lineup he would have trouble "finding his strike." That was all the incentive Rose, the majors' best batter in 1968 at .335, needed. In eight games last week he collected 18 hits in 39 at bats to raise his average to .347. And his guess about Jones was correct. The New York outfielder had just two hits in his first 14 appearances at the plate, dropping his percentage to .340. The surge not only made Rose an almost certain back-to-back batting champion, but it established him as one of the best hitters in the history of baseball. With at least 215 hits this year the Cincinnati native passed the 200-hit mark for the fourth time in his seven-season career. Rose considers the ability to reach 200 the true test of a player's skill at the plate, and the facts—only 11 players, all but one in the Hall of Fame, have had more 200-hit seasons than Rose—bear him out. Still only 27 years old, Cincinnati's Charlie Hustle has a good chance to equal or surpass them. Among other things, sitting down does not seem to bother him. Rose missed three weeks of play a year ago with a broken thumb and still had 210 hits.

ROSE: STAND AND COUNT

rehired for next year, Williams quit before the season was over. Tight, complete-game pitching by New York's (3-4) Mike Kekich and Fritz Peterson defeated Baltimore (2-4) twice and cost the Orioles the chance to break the American League record for most wins in a season. The defeats also prevented the champions from compiling a .700 won-lost percentage, a mark no team has reached since the schedule was expanded to 162 games eight years ago. Cleveland (1-5) finished its home schedule with two losses, giving the Indians their worst record (33-48) at Municipal Stadium in 25 years. Denny McLain's 24th win stopped a four-game Detroit (2-4) losing streak, but the omens were not good as the Tigers struggled to finish second. Reliever Pat Dobson suffered a fractured foot when jittery rookie Wayne Redmond, startled by a mouse running through the dugout, jumped and landed on Dobson. Harmon Killebrew's 47th and 48th home runs put him into the major league lead, and one of them sparked Minnesota (4-3) to its Western Division championship-clinching victory. The Twins were not the only ones enjoying their big win. Kansas City (2-5) Manager Joe Gordon got a few laughs, too, from a congratulatory telegram he sent Twin Manager Billy Martin. Martin, who played under Gordon in Cleveland 10 years ago, this season called his old boss a poor manager. Returning Martin's volley, Gordon wired, CONGRATULATIONS YOU DID A GREAT JOB FOR AN IMMATURE ROOKIE MANAGER. FROM THE GUY WHO TAUGHT YOU ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT MANAGING. Returning from the hospital after a stint with hives, Oakland's (5-2) Reggie Jackson stayed in the race for the home run championship. He averaged .318 for the week and clouted his 47th homer to remain one under the lead. Fast-closing Chicago (3-4) held fourth place as stubby Walt Williams struggled to become the first 300 Sox hitter in five years. Williams, who had been averaging .305, hit .250 for the week and was just at his goal with three games to play. Rookie Reliever Ken Tatum's seventh win helped California (3-3) hold third place. Since joining the Angels in May, Tatum has also recorded 22 saves and a 1.36 ERA and is a strong candidate to become the first reliever to win the American League Rookie of the Year award. "This city has one more year to prove itself," said Seattle (3-3) Board Chairman William Daley. The last-place Pilots drew only 650,000 in their first season and have been fighting with the city over improvements at Sicks Stadium. Meanwhile two Texas industrialists have been in touch with Daley about buying the team and moving it to Dallas.

Standings—East: Balt 108-51, Det 88-71, Bos 86-73, Wash 84-75, NY 78-81, Clev 62-97. West: Minn 95-64, Oak 86-73, Cal 71-88, Chi 67-92, KC 66-93, Sea 63-96.

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# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**PROLOGUE**

Sirs

Bravo to Tex Maule. I have read with avid interest each year your pro football forecast, and I feel that in the past you have been a bit hasty and sometimes careless in your generalization of each of the divisions. But this year's Pro Football Issue (Sept. 22) was great.

CURTIS KRECHEVSKY

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs

I am ashamed of you. Last year Tex Maule's predictions for the Super Bowl were atrocious. This year you are still letting him forecast pro football outcomes. Why don't you let him write on some subject like ostrich racing?

SENTER JACKSON

Johnson City, Tenn.

**EPILOGUE**

Sirs

With the possible exception of some of Tex Maule's football predictions, *The Last of the Titans* (Sept. 22) by Alex Kroll is the funniest piece I've read in years.

JAMES G. CHRISTENSON

Dillon, Mont.

Sirs

There once was a center, Al Kroll
Selected by an All-American poll,
But his talent was later
Found to be greater
As a writer quite artfully droll

KENNETH RAYMES

Dunellen, N.J.

**TOO MANY KICKS**

Sirs

Professional football has attained a tremendous following and there are always suggestions to improve the game. Field goals have come to play a more important role year after year (*A Lot of Kicks Coming*, Sept. 22). Green Bay suffered in the past two years with poor field-goal kicking. It is dull to witness a game where there are five field goals and only one touchdown.

My suggestion would be to allow only field-goal attempts in the last two minutes of the second quarter and the final four minutes of the fourth quarter. It is said today that it is a "game of third downs." Let's put more excitement into the game and make it a game of third and fourth downs!

GILBERT A. HAGGART

Glenview, Ill.

Sirs

A system should be devised whereby *only four* completed field goals would be permitted per game. Each would originate from one of four separate zones, 10-20 yards, 20-30, 30-40 and 40-50. The possibilities that would ensue are boundless.

PATRICIA SHERIN

Allston, Mass.

**A POINT FOR ACADEME**

Sirs:

I have read with anger and growing impatience *The Desperate Coach* (Aug. 25 *et seq.*). To put it most kindly, John Underwood seems woefully ill-equipped to deal with what is a very complex subject.

I would question the statement that Underwood quotes from one coach, and that he seems to support—namely, that it is impossible to rate professors because they exist only in their isolated offices, divorced from the "real" world, and indifferent to their students, afraid of life's rougher demands. In short, the type of guy who wouldn't hit. On the other hand, the reader is left to assume that the coach is a hard worker, performing an invaluable task and placing his reputation, competence and manhood on the line every Saturday afternoon. This may or may not be the case, but since an equal number of coaches win and lose every week, it would seem that the most we can say for them is that they bat .500. College professors have to do considerably better. Let us say .800 or .850.

Whether Underwood knows it or not, professors are constantly evaluated both by their peers and by their students. After graduate school, which usually takes eight years to complete, and which weeds out the unqualified and untalented, the real competition lies ahead. One does not get to be a professor without work, integrity and intelligence. As a matter of fact, he doesn't even get tenure automatically, and he must renew his credentials periodically by publishing or giving speeches before learned societies. All of this in addition to his teaching and advisory responsibilities. It might surprise Underwood to learn that not all students run to the athletic staff with their problems. Some of them go to their English or sociology or history professor for advice and encouragement.

I cannot resist pointing out something quite ironic about Underwood's article. While he examines in detail the football situation at the University of Maryland, he fails to mention that the only sport for which the Terrapins are nationally prominent—the only sport in which they have won the national championship within the last 15 years—is lacrosse, and at Maryland the lacrosse coach is none other than John Howard, a well-respected member of the English faculty. If for no other reason than to improve his powers of written expression, Underwood should have consulted Professor-Coach Howard.

MICHAEL F. MEWSHAW

Rome

**VOTE OF CONFIDENCE**

Sirs:

We do not know what ABA owners you are referring to as being dissatisfied with our president, Jim Gardner, but, for sure, the Miami Floridians are certainly not dissatisfied. Jim Gardner is playing the game according to the NBA rules. They initiated this battle by stealing Connie Hawkins. Now that we have decided to fight back, they are hollering foul play.

We think Jim Gardner is doing an excellent job and we are 100% behind him. Jim is exciting, articulate and completely honest, and he can be counted on to keep his word. We are proud of him.

DR. THOMAS F. CARNEY
President
Miami Floridians

Miami

**FULL THROTTLE**

Sirs

Thanks for the long overdue article on one of the great young drivers of our day (*Hail to King Jackie!* Sept. 22). Jackie Stewart represents the new birth of racing enthusiasm and your article was exceedingly timely with the World Championship Grand Prix season opening in this hemisphere.

American interest in motor racing is at an all-time high, especially here in Minnesota. Amateur sports car racing in the Twin Cities not long ago meant a few dozen cars going around pylons on the Met Stadium parking lot. It grew to a seldom-used runway and now, finally, to one of the finest road-racing facilities in the U.S. at Donnybrooke. In fact, another major road course is being planned for this area.

It is time for American road racing to be recognized as a major league sport.

TOM RYAN

Minneapolis

**REEL SPORT**

Sirs

Robert Cantwell's article on sport movies (*Sport Was Box-Office Poison*, Sept. 15) was somewhat misleading. He failed to mention the good and the excellent ones such as *This Sporting Life* (Rugby), *Champion* (Kirk Douglas' boxing movie), *Requiem for a Heavyweight* (Rod Serling), *Body and Soul* (John Garfield's classic), *Angels in the Outfield* (Paul Douglas' comedy), *The Fighter*, *Jim Thorpe—All American* (with Burt Lancaster) and the great British film *Loneliness*

*continued*

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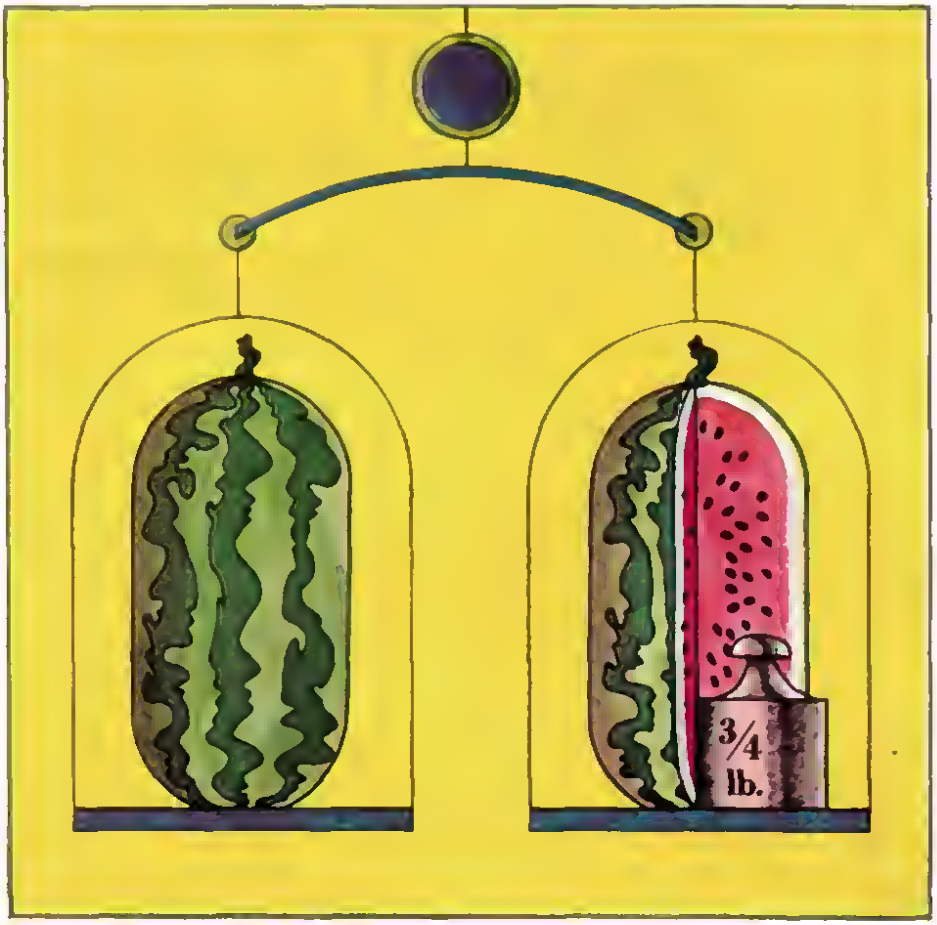


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CH5

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CH8

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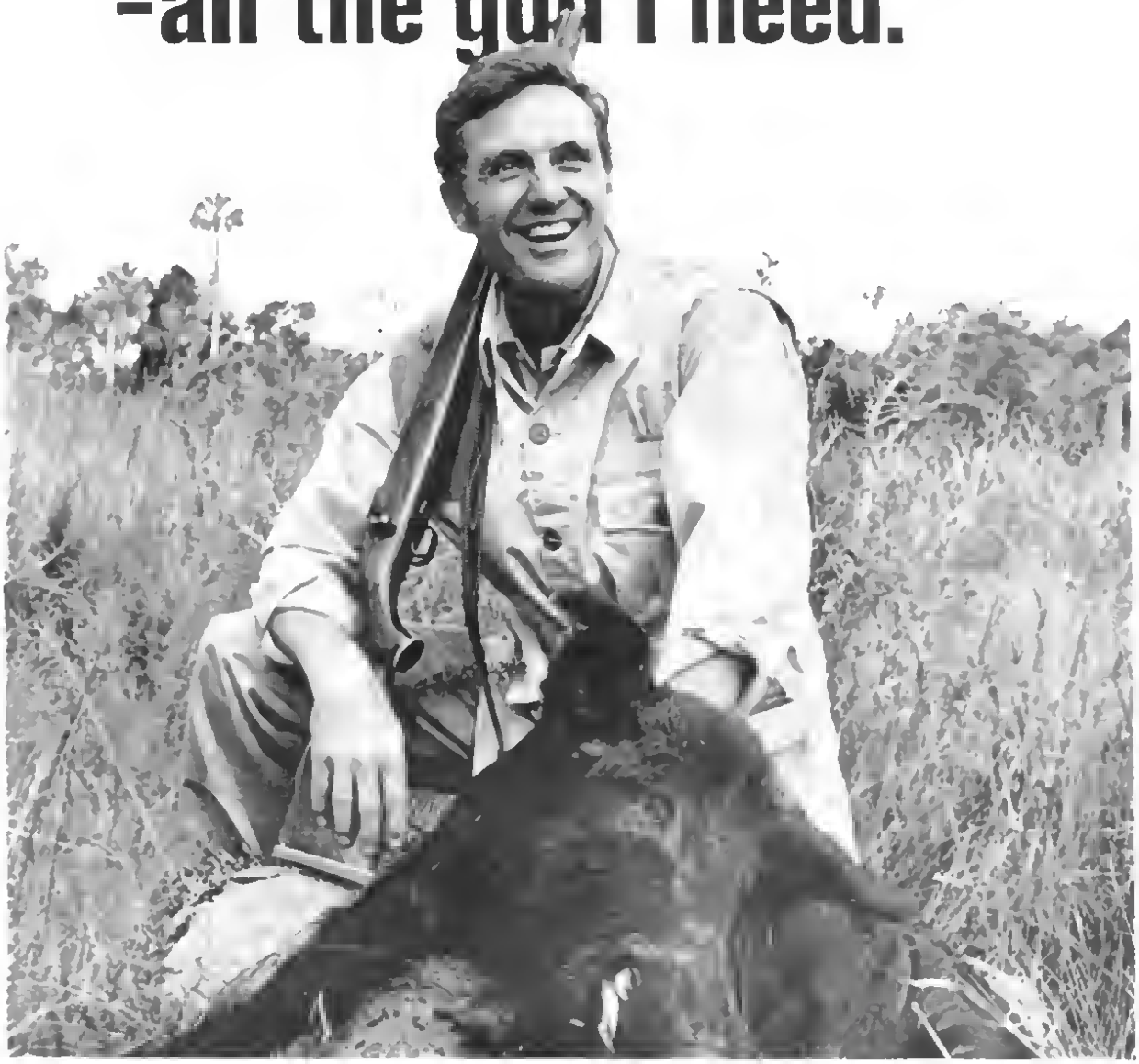

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*of the Long Distance Runner.* These movies were all better than those Cantwell mentioned because they used sport to gain insight into man's feelings, motivations and shortcomings and showed athletes as real people and not supermen.

PETER RICH

Los Angeles

Sirs

If recollection serves me correctly, I fear the otherwise delightful article for both sports and movie buffs by Robert Cantwell was marred by at least one factual error. Mr. Cantwell writes that Lou Gehrig made only one film, called *Hawaiian Buckaroo.* What about a little gem called *Rawhide,* in which he cleaned up the local rustlers by picking them off one by one with billiard balls? Maybe *Hawaiian Buckaroo* became *Rawhide* before it got to the suburbs.

I am surprised that Mr. Cantwell missed a chance to discuss treatment of sports and crime in such colossal epics as *Rackets Ra*[illegible] and *70,000 Witnesses.*

A. SPENCER BRAHAM

Falls Church, Va.

**NOT SO FAST**

Sirs

In his article on college football (*The First 100 Years,* Sept. 15) Dan Jenkins says, "There is a saying today that pro football has become the national game, one insinuation being that baseball no longer is." What is all this talk about baseball being dead? It is true that many of the magic names are gone. The names that meant baseball: Ruth, Gehrig, Cobb, Alexander and Johnson. This loss does not mean the game is dead. Who are they that insist baseball is dead?

They say the game is too long. Where are these people going in such a hurry, anyway? They scoff at the warmups of a relief pitcher, the strategy of manager against manager, the intentional walk. They compare football with baseball. The two games are about as similar as ice cream and onion soup. To say baseball is dead is akin to saying popcorn is out of style, hot dogs have lost their national appeal, the crack of the bat under a warm summer sun is not a satisfying sound and knothole gangs never existed. Maybe these kooks who insist baseball is dead would foster 12 months of football, then eventually kill that. Perhaps they could push bleacher seats to campus riots as an adequate substitute for the game.

What is wrong with being normal? Baseball is normal.

WILLIAM P. HALL

St. Paul

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